

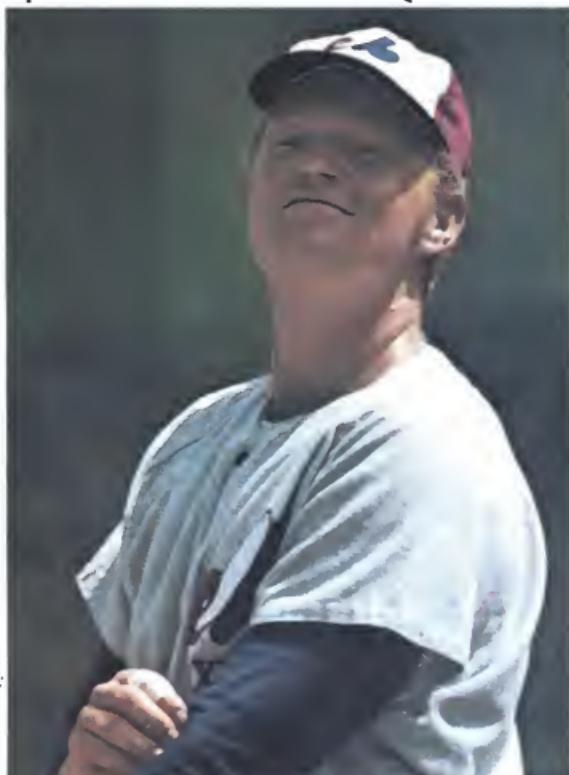
The Unchanging Values Of The 'Middle Canadians'

JULY 1970/CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE/35¢

MACLEAN'S

How One Smart Ballplayer Will Make \$1 Million (Canadian)

Before
He's
Thirty



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CANADA REPORT JULY 1982



O Canada, He Stands On Guard For Thee

... In Trinidad, the riot cop keeps the peace after assaults on Canadian henks. He's there because of growing new hostility to Canada's \$600-million investment empire in the Commonwealth Caribbean.

BY COURTNEY TOWER
AND C. ALEXANDER BROWN

THE GUARDIAN OF the Royal Regiment of Canadian Dragoons of 8 p.m. to 8 a.m. is now a vice-president at a resort in Las Vegas, in a startling new role for Canadians in the Caribbean, that of the colonial under-sarge. When riots erupted in the Trinidad capital on April 21, he simply shot the look, sent his staff home, and went to play golf. On the same day, an amateur placards denigrated Canadians "invaders" and crowds shouted for the expulsion of foreigners, a Canadian diplomat was a target. "Now don't antagonize that fella over there," he was told. "He's going to kill." The gun was a cheap revolver, as usual.

The diplomat never got in other practice. A curfew kept him off the streets. An angry new reality was surging through the Caribbean, a mirror of the world wide Canadian think tank of as yet free pleasure islands, a mirror where 150,000 of us slept out and sans and mett locals last year. The border was resealed from the highways to board up the henks' broken windows. Don't be afraid of poverty, he'd finally belched at the sight of the effluvia beside it, the affluence mentality of the foreign and the local light-skinned. Between inflation, black nationalism, a growing through the Commonwealth Caribbean, where a starved Canada finds itself a dominant power in the economies of 45 million people. That confrontation forced 10 West Indian students had been fined \$35,500 on May 16 for destroying the \$2-million-baupre-constructed George Williams University last year.

In Trinidad, David Greene, "They think the trial was just a monkey trial," says Blair H. McPherson, a chemistry-teaching volunteer of the Canadian University Service Overseas in Port of Spain Anti-Canadian protests in Trinidad had to stop Black Power demonstrations which led to 20 to 30 stops result. The revolt failed, but the atmosphere has soured on us

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CARIBBEAN continued

ever since," says a Caribbean expert in Economic Affairs in Ottawa. This, combined with Canada's economic rise, meant, "We're not colonialists by intent, but by circumstances we've taken on a colonialist's legs there." In the thick of the issue, Martin's next reporter, Alexander Brown, in Trinidad and Tobago, Guyana and Jamaica to report their present feelings about Canada's singular role. Brown, a black Canadian born in Jamaica, reported first from Port of Spain.

"I walked from the diplomatic-chancery's office with a stack of young men. They ripped the film from my cameras. Then one said, 'Get the last out of here.' When I did, he added, 'Show me, man, that people are tired of the whole damn situation — violence is the only way!'

"My last picture had captured some of the masses for and manifestations of their anger. Independence Square, with Canadian banks dominating three of its corners, people denouncing foreign oppression, shouting, marching with older men who have not worked a week for 10 and 20 years."

Brown found other friction points. All signal less comfortable relations between Canadian and the Caribbean countries.

Trinidad and Tobago — One million population, average per capita income \$553 a year, unemployment 20-34%, underemployment unknown.

So, Brown realized, Trinidad and Tobago had to look elsewhere for its future.

But mostly the whole island is right-skinned and — though very few black hold on to management chain.

Grenada — 250,000, per capita income \$235 a year, unemployment 15%; underemployment unknown. Prime Minister Forbes Burnham's government plans to take over 51% of Allianz Company of Canada's \$130-million insurance operation over an indefinite period. Burnham, running ahead of most Caribbean radicals, is trying a possible future pattern in the West Indies for



CONTRAST IN THE CARIBBEAN: top photo shows Guyanese workers' houses at Georgetown; lower photo shows a typical residence site today on the exclusive north coast.

dealing with foreign investors. The policy is: "We will control our own resources."

Jamaica — 1,895,000, per capita income \$442 a year, unemployment 20-34%, underemployment unknown.

But there is little overtrading with Canada, according to foreign trade. There is an atmosphere of spreading violence — murder, rape, robbery — by desperately poor people who live beside the millionaire wealth of rich Jamaicans, of foreign-owned tourist hotels, foreign-owned banks, railroads and insurance companies.

The friction is understandable, says a Trudeau cabinet minister spokesman. "Canada's prime minister is 44 years old," Canada's \$5.6-billion private investment reaches \$300 million by 1985 to extract bauxite from Jamaica and Guyana

of the greatest volume of aid to the region — Canada committed \$34 billion this year, plus more — relationships have cooled. Some of our diplomats are distressed. They say Prime Trudeau's government has been distant to these sensitive regions. Nearly every West Indian prime minister, they say, has directly sought an audience to Ottawa to discuss problems, but Trudeau has generally been too busy. The Trudeau government also allocated a \$1.2 billion subsidy to sugar-producing countries without consulting them. It was the lack of consultation that hurt.

There are other complaints. Canadians' names are said to be too stiff — it is supported by a Canadian spokesman in Ottawa. Airlines and the banks and insurance companies are accused of rarely permitting local ownership, not mentioning teller profit in the West Indies, failing to hire local people in sufficient numbers for responsible jobs.

If the banker and diplomat were surprised by the fury of the April riots, James Bayley was not. Bayley is one of the 120 CUSO volunteers who with 120 teachers and many medical advances are Canada's best ambassadors to the Caribbean. She has thoroughly identified with the Trudeaus since 1967 — she calls Canada "our home," "sheer" — but she has been forced by her new position to leave on a black and brown country. And she is coming home. "How much can you do," she asks, "when you feel you're not wanted by the people?" □

For generations West Indian street vendors have sold big and delicious apples from Canada at 10¢ a bite. Today, they are by ship and are steadily increasing where sold, giving off a rich wine smell. The Minister of Agriculture in Guyana has no idea what the import of Canadian apples. "We can eat mangos," he said.



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GILBEY'S

Canadians in Guyana: they're changing fast. But is it too late?

HIGHWAY 10, 100 MILES EAST of Georgetown, with commanding emerald green peaks still bearing the fanishes of some Guyanese employers of a multinational oil-and-gold Canadian mining operation on the Demerara River. Not far, literally across the railway track, the successive homes of Canadians and some Guyanese employees are set in grass and flowers. It is a fast-changing picture. The Demerara Boucicault Company, owned by the Alcanas Company of Canada, is building its local employees a well-serviced, pleasant company town. Guyanese are being promoted to senior positions. One senior Guyanese employee was assisting the manager of conditions at Demerara when former Prime Minister Alexander Forbes sold him to the Guyana government plan to take a controlling interest in the company. A wide spread slowly "Ah Sir?" the official checked. "That's all we need!"

The incident shows the Canadian influence on Guyana. Canadian Mines and Minerals are there looking for uranium and other minerals. Guyana will control any mineral they develop.

Guyana is where African- and Indian-descended citizens (30% and 50%) have long intermixed rural Indian. The country seems to be steeped now in black-black, its patron saint Black Power advocate Sankofa Chimedich learned that when he recently addressed a crowd in Independence Park in the capital city of Georgetown.

"In South Africa the black man is on the bottom," he said, "and the crowd murmured agreement.

"In Trinidad the black man is on the bottom," Chees said.

"In Canada the black man is on the bottom," Chees said.

"In Guyana the black man is on the bottom."

Spiritedly and immediately, he was answered by an Indian woman of

"ND." □

way the government of Prime Minister Forbes Burnham is going — local control over foreign capitalism, plus public ownership of basic resources. In this, Guyana may be the paragon of the Commonwealth Caribbean.

In early June Guyana had not yet announced its plan to dismiss 35% of Demerara, though cabinet ministers had confirmed that intention to Brown Alcan officials and they awaited negotiations for Guyana to assume "a meaningful position" in Demerara. The \$125-million company employs about 4,000 Guyanese.

Guyana is today planned as an economy based on the agricultural perspective at \$3,000 square miles of jungle on the coastal mountains of South America. This year thousands of people volunteered — without pay — to hack a road through the jungle to the Brazilian border. Geological surveys, in which Canada helped, assessed large mineral resources. Canada's Demerara Mines and Minerals are there looking for uranium and other minerals. Guyana will control any mineral they develop.

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Canadians in Jamaica live the sweet life, next door to black despair

WELCOME TO JAMAICA. It is poor — blighted and blighted almost for natives, its opulent tourist hotels overlooking the 80 miles of glowering white sand coast roads for visitors only. In fact, local Chris Smithcheck, a Canadian who manages the U.S.-owned Shirley Hotel, can swear "Jamaica is the place in the Caribbean where tourists have the fewest problems."

There is another Jamaica, you cross mind at your peril. It is Kingston, the capital, one of the most dangerous cities in the world today, and Alexander Brown went back to it this summer: "Here, where one out of ten houses we passed, where I was born and lived, I stood in old streets. And I felt the fresh, hot sullying of the neighborhood parts of New York and Philadelphia."

"Everybody's in it," of



A West Indian, Alexander Brown

and of the many thousands more who still未 understand. What's more, Indians and Americans traditionally get the best jobs. The blacks insist, "singing their country grow ever more prosperous — GNP up 9% last year — while average income remains \$450 a year. Rich Jamaicans, no less than the rich visitors, flaunt their affluence with big houses, American cars and black servants.

Yet the Canadian High Commission feels the reports of welfare and bad conditions are exaggerated. A senior official points to growing industrialization, improving education, expanding tourism. Black Jamaicans are being hired more readily, he says, citing improved hiring practices in Canadian-owned banks and insurance companies. The Bank of Nova Scotia, for example, has its main offices in Jamaica. So has the North American Life Insurance Company, a Canadian firm. Canadian firms — \$24 million allocated since 1964-65 — has helped.

But these concern rarely intrude upon the tourist. He's 20 minutes by air from Kingston, sipping imported stinks and drinking mostly in one of the many hotels plumed snakcs as the northern beaches. The Jamaican government lists the hotels with exclusive rights to the beaches, 10- and 15-year leases. Bedding sets are American, clothing is American, the average room rate is \$26 to \$50 a night and a drink \$1.30. The pleasure-seekers live around the hotel, beach, the river. Rio Grande and the little tourist towns of Ocho Rios.

"There's some newspaper stories about," says Samuels, sitting on the Playboy beach with a drink served by a Jamaican bar girl, "I'm sorry about this. His beach was crowded with mostly young people, party, excessive type, almost exclusively white, and physiques. 'We have no extra security here — we don't need it.' Samuels says, "We've never had anyone beaten up." Well come to Jamaica. □

Canadians in Trinidad: a banker counsels caution before investing



12,000
YOUTH
EMPLOYED

hot-money artists — may talk of leaving a paradise place to live in. It is established business will only grow, though they may have to remortgage profits locally and open up their enterprises to local ownership.

Prime Minister Eric Williams of Trinidad has assured the banks and other major foreign enterprises that he does not want to take them over. His Black Power opponents have not accepted, however, that he has already caused to assist Trinidadian control as easy now. Not least is a decision not to allow Trinidad's just-developing tourist industry to go the capitalist, exclusive way of private besides, heavy tourist costs are causing in Trinidad, at least, tourism to be for everyone. □



"...The fundamental factors of the democratic process are not to be denied, the manifestations of black consciousness, and the demand for black power...."
Eric Williams, Trinidad and Tobago, March 23, 1976.

A Canadian family calypsoes through the crisis, hanging 7 steel drums



FRONT PICTURE: 17, got himself a steel drum to hang on them brother Tim, 15, Then Miles, 13, Phillip, 10, Peter, 7, David and Zora. David and Zora are Peter and Muriel Stacey, Canadians in Trinidad, parents and members of an all-family band that beat load their next door neighbors on one side are not talking to them. What those neighbors say about the long-ago calypso-rock combo Tim and Tim also being to cause to be quoted here.

Opposite: experiencing the in West Indian responses to the general foreign invasion — a Canadian during the cuts David Stacey took the maple leaf flag down off his car — and learned — and learned —

down as a presentation, four and a month later. "If we had more friends we'd get them in." The Staceys' friends are mainly David's students, adult young people, and his Trinidadian fellow teachers. They would discuss Dr. George Williams' ideas and David would say that probably there is some racial discrimination in Canada. "Tim is considerably sympathetic with the Black Power people," he says, "although it got out of hand. Festivities do own nasty everything here and everybody have turned out to him. Black." □

"When we came, race relations were just, beautiful," says results. "When Black Power started, there was some racism, but now we seem to be getting the same in our country." She says, "You can feel the change."

The state of emergency remained in effect. The auto show talking, singing, dancing, drinking rum — and the major portion for going to the movies — were cut off at 9 p.m. Montage were harassed and armed soldiers remained

visible. And the game of Woodford Square — Port of Spain's traditional question-and-answer session, where Eric Williams' questions are usually the answer that everybody wants — were included by Eric Williams. Black Power leaders were in jail. Trinbago had fled.

The Staceys' children are in schools where white cheating are a minority. Peter started the family steel band by striking up a friendship on popular Maracas Beach with brother-in-law, Ansel Gravette. Soon all the family had pens, as the drums are called, and Gravette became the first coach. Trinbago's family friend Peter (elephant) and Tim (bass guitar) then started a combo with Trinidadian teenagers. It plays weddings and baptisms at parties, weddings and around the town.

The Staceys are volunteering in Canada this summer. In May, Peter and Tim were already applying for an early return to Port of Spain, the carnival had some fabulously important sets to play. □

"Canadians are very nice," said the girl from inside the cage

INSIDE THE NIGHTCLUBS of Port of Spain as above was raised around so that it seemed to be a large cage. The cage was full of young women, black and Indian and every Trinidad that had been. Some of them were married.

Hardly all the male customers were white. Down in the streets east with Adro bungalows were also using Black Power," with their fans raised, and here is a five-story towered enclave white girls were buying colored women. If I were a white man, I would have been afraid to be in a place like that at a time like that.

Out of the semi-darkness a girl slid into the seat beside me. Her face was pure African, and dignified, here where you'd least expect to find that quality. "Car for some female company?" the asked in Trinidadian.

leaving about to be heard about the bust of the electric guitar, the sit and drums and rock-and-roll piano. I bought her a drink and she relaxed to that.

"You meet a lot of Canadians," she said. "I met many. A Canadian girl I was with spent a night a few months ago had stayed up talking to her, sympathetically, saying she shouldn't be doing this and should study and make something of herself. Well, I told her that he'd find a vocational school for her in Canada. He was in a fit and they didn't correspond, but he'd do what he could.

Thus of course, was inter-racial love, the girl thought. But two months later she was consigned by a vocational school in Don Mills, Ontario. Now she was saving her money to go to "Canadians," the real, "are very nice."

THE GENEROSITY of British Columbians, who raised the money to build this large school, is an education — education is packed with rhubarb equipment — to British Columbians and Gaysay.

THE EXPERTISE of Mrs. Anna Ross, who became a well-known camp people for the development of Bessborough, She's often on TV

as a known

And finally — the Canadian touches that still win friends:



THE ENTERPRISE of Roger Wilson (seated), YMCA worker at MacKenzie, the Alcan company town in Guyana. He helped organized a radio station, a small radio station, doing contact developing, running a canteen and parking launch for employees of Alcan's Diamond Bauxite Company.

THE INITIATIVE of the External Affairs Department in Ottawa. The power system broke down in the island of Antigua on Friday. On Saturday Canadian engineers and technicians from the EAD arrived with 12 megawatt generators.

THE FORTITUDE of Mike Miller, a geologist who takes six-week forced deep sea dives to the oil and minerals for the German government. He once came back with a deadly, 10-foot anaconda snake.

THE VALIUE for money continuously rendered by Canadian University Student Overseas. On \$240,000 budget for the Caribbean, he has 120 people working in agriculture, forestry, engineering, medicine, and nursing. There are no more than 10 Canadian students.

THE TOUGHNESS of of British Columbians, who raised the money to build this large school, is an education — education is packed with rhubarb equipment — to British Columbians and Gaysay.

THE EXPERTISE of Mrs. Anna Ross, who became a well-known camp people for the development of Bessborough. She's often on TV



You could find an instant Cash Certificate for \$2,500 or \$25,000 in your next pack of Belvedere filters or new Belvedere true-taste menthol. But most people still say "I smoke them because I like them."

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13 BILINGUAL CROSSWORD FOR NON-BILINGUAL PEOPLE—NO. 8
by Steve Hirschman

A photographer's hunt for the elusive Middle Caerulean

"Get out and capture some representative Middle Carolina," we told photography director Heribert Blechschmidt, and out of the top photo-journalists in the land, Blechschmidt was reasonably morphed Middle Ca. radarian, to writer Walter Stewart's satisfaction. Blechschmidt's enlightening personal report (page 33) makes clear almost by definition don't make news and can't be engorged. They fit in no stereotype. So how do you find a distinguishable "representative" of the species? And where do you begin to look?

Ernicht following in Stewart's foot steps, began to look in London, Ontario. The result is the warm and sympathetic photographic portfolio of Middle Canada that begins on page 15. We want to stress that some of the subjects who appear in the photographs relate to particular individuals mentioned in Stewart's story. Rather than portfolio is Ernicht's own personal essay on Canadian character in 1970 and he provided us with these notes as some of these pictures enough to use for him:

The boy shown with his friend parents on page 35 is Paul Thunissen, 17 and a heck of a nice lad. Quiet and unassuming despite his prodigious residence and ultimate achievements. He recently won a scholarship to study English, French and history at Northwestern State College. He has one of five children and his father is an accountant with the state.

The church service (pages 36-37) was held in Colvill United, which has one of the biggest congregations in London. The church was packed, even though it was an ordinary Sunday. A great turn-out. The Rotary meeting was held in the Hotel London First, names only and the business. The Legion Hall belongs to the old Duchess of Kent branch Aeroplane like an English pub but members getting few all the time

The bingo game, held in a neglected-looking arena, was sponsored by the London Soccer League. It was an unlikely night for many of the gamblers. A traffic cop wrote out scores of parking tickets for cars parked on surrounding streets. —12

**"The third day there,
I managed to lose our money.
The worst part was having
to tell Billy we were going home
a week early."**



money was something other people did.

So, of course, he went and lost his bankroll — \$250 — and had to cut their vacation short.

It didn't have to happen.

Suppose Billy's dad had lost American Express Travelers Cheques instead of cash.

Then, he could have gone to the local American Express office or representative — we're all over the world — and got his missing Cheques replaced. Result — one vacation rescued.

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IT WAS something the Lennoxes had been looking forward to for a whole year — their first camping trip with Billy.

It never occurred to Billy's dad to carry American Express Travelers Cheques instead of cash. Losing

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And they cost just 1¢ for every dollar's worth.

Which means that for \$25 the Lennoxes could have saved themselves a lot of grief.

American Express Travelers Cheques

AMERICAN EXPRESS

FOR PEOPLE WHO TRAVEL

**Nationalize the Leafs! Nationalize the Canadiens! Give hockey back to the people (BELOW)
Glum thoughts on divorce, Canadian-style: Quick now, how many happily married young Canadian couples do you know? (P. 17) Plus! Our readers' revenge — more hot last words on inflation, the rich, the poor, the sweet suffering womanhood, and other grabbers for our time (P. 20-30)**



BY BOB BOGS IN OUR TAKEN RADICAL

What this country needs is a sport it can call its own. We used to have one. Hockey

THIS MONTH'S COLUMN ENDS ON AN odd note: the time of the year but it is a sombering one. I have been thinking about a lot, and the more I think about it the sadder I get. I hope you will get past me, however. I'm talking about the rig-off of our national sport.

"Rig-off" is a weird term. It has a nasty hide behind it, but then it is a nasty

thing. Rig-off means that, weeded out legally but morally. It is not a rig-off since a pair main stalk a loaf of bread. It is a rip-off, however, when the management of a theater impossibly stacks only large paper cups so that it can get away with charging 25 cents for all soft drinks. Still, that's just a minor rip-off. It involves only money. A more serious case, when someone takes away something that belongs to all of us for his private benefit. It's a big rip-off when a logging company gets a chunk of Algonquin Park. It's a rip-off when the lumber barons of Columbus are a tourist and so is the rest of the Great Lakes. And, finally, when I started out in my way in the National Hockey League, it's a rig-off.

When I was young, my father read me a story about some crooks who stole the letter "O" and would not let anyone use it. I thought it was a good story, but silly. I didn't know much then about what was happening in Canadian hockey. Hockey is ours. We create and nurture it from the time we are kids. There were only two seasons when I was growing up: Hockey and Other. And even during Other we played hockey on the road or at the school yard, puking at a team's half with last season's broken-bladed stick, with a black tape all round at the base, from the ground. We made a great lot of rigs—doers and burlaps, or just out of a couple of bushes—hockey-menders. The goalie wore a baseball glove. When I was 11 or 12, I noticed that people over 16 no longer played street hockey and I wondered what old I had to be to play for nearly a decade but, by

God, if someone came in the door today with a couple of sticks trailing their flotation tape down the hall, I'd follow him out to the asphalt.

Come winter, we played hockey on school-yard rinks or, if you belonged to one of a thousand sponsored teams, you played at the local arena, winning a "minor" that said something. We "Minor" Variety State." I wonder if anyone has ever lost a finger to those white, hot, spilling the nozzle of a gasoline hose, and spraying the back yard on a 10-degree night in December.

On January 1, we paid off a friend's old Merritt 1000, and found a cleared out mat where we could break into the fine box to turn on a light. We'd play for a couple of hours,

and until the cops showed up and then rest on the old Merrit and drink beer till they got it back? Darn!

Bring Back Toronto we got to see the Leafs play too. The only reason we could get war General Admire, and that meant standing. You got there early and stood up against the wall while all the seat-holders were let in and then five minutes before the game you charged up three or four sets of stairs in order to stand for the next couple of hours behind the end-blank, which was the one place where you could get away from the speed or bashed up grates. You were still had to be early and fast on your feet, and stay behind the press, where you would then down the crowded stairs to the bar. Even then you had to defer and above, because they always overruled General Admire, and ten minutes into the first period people were standing there and far deep. One year

continued

9050M continued

Maple Leaf Gardens developed a class of "perfumed" standing room, charging two dollars a ticket, which most of us could afford. Preferred Seating got in first, and they made up the floor layer. I was about four-fifths full at the time, and just quit going.

I'll stop hyping about hockey, although it would be easy to go on and on. It would be easy for millions of Canadians to go on and on about hockey. And that is the main reason why it is so misleading that, except on television, almost no one gets to see the final, richest result of our devotion to the sport. Why is it that there's no major league team in Halifax, St. John's, Quebec, Hamilton, Winnipeg, Edmonton, Calgary or Victoria? And even if you live in Toronto or Montreal, why is it that you haven't

Bruce Kidd is more kind. "Shatford, Swayze and the NHL Board just personify what we allowed, and

What the Marikines really need is twice as few experts telling them what the Marikines really need.
Peter Stoen Lach, Henderson

The representatives of the New Haven, the
Gardiner and the Montreal Cosmopolitan
threatened to sell their franchises to
American cities. The Mass. Maple
Leafs. How could they ever talk that
way?

The answer is that hockey has been ripped-off. The community good has become private property and, already, in the sale of NHL franchises, the owners have done what it was never in their own interest to do: sell out to the *Biggest Business*.

One person who has done a lot of thinking about this is Bruce Kidd, whom you may remember as Canada's young long-distance runner with the floppy arms. Kidd is a civil servant

"Even in severely economic times," he says, "you can't justify what happens in big-budget hockey. A good hockey player doesn't break an arm in a restaurant at 29 when a dish starts to go bad. He stands playing at 40, and his development is subsidized by schools, churches, service clubs. Every village in Canada builds an arena with public funds and volunteer labor, putting off all other priorities. Canada and the U.S. are the only two countries in the world that don't recognize this. In every other country, at least some of the profits from sport go back into the community sports program."

The profits are enormous. Maple Leaf Gardens in the last fiscal year had a gross revenue of \$6,424,183 and a net profit, after taxes, of \$3,200,000. These annual profits —

15% of gross revenue, which is not bad when you consider that General Motors' profit runs at about 8%, and the average movie theater makes about 6% to 7%. But grocery stores make more profit on beer than movie theaters do. And the *Star* estimates that movie theaters have more money than ever, and the annual increase is part of that. Most of the revenue is not derived from raising the price of hockey tickets." The reporter adds, "The increase in gross revenue more than offsets the increase in operating expenses." And as if that weren't enough, the owners announced to claim \$2,183,000 they made from the sale of the new American Bancshares as part of the deal. "I'm not sure if that's true," says Kidd, "but I'm sure it's possible. I have forgotten where the numbers I descended from in the 'grand' square in the old Staples and Kodak square, just left, but that's where, I hope, the money is coming from."

What the Marlies really need is to hire a few experts. And that's what the Marlies really need.

Prof. Simon Leigh Richardson

even encouraged, to happen when we commercialized sports. They have mainly tried to maximize profit for their hockey corporations. It's the players that are so neglected.

One of the main problems in the Americanization of the game of 45 commercial hockey teams, only five are located in Canada. Six of the 12 NHL directorships are American. In fact, Clarence Campbell has said that the main reason the NHL had offices located in Canada is to avoid American congressional investigation.

It's natural that profit-oriented

If the problem is large, the solution is simple, and just involves catching up with the rest of the world we should start, by law, that the Canadian NHL teams act responsibly, that they share profits with community organizations, and that a ticket price that doesn't discriminate against all but the very rich. Or, even better, could make the Canadian NHL teams into community or, orpocracies, as simply noticeable than Bruce Gold suggests an even more radical step: start a second major hockey league, with teams in a dozen Canadian cities. To begin, players could be held more from the old teams, the way they were when the American Football League was formed. These teams would be other associations, and not franchises in a league that was not based entirely on money, a salary and less deducting dividends than the NHL's. A new degree of player control over league policy, a enlightened approach to university study programs and an all-inclusive employment. And the players would not have to live the latter part of the year in

sports world would locate in the U.S., Kold argued, "because the market is bigger and the average annual income is higher." And there set the American TV rights back at the Vancouver Olympics. In the first expansion, the bid was turned down because the NHL directors wanted to crush the U.S. TV market, and CBC was already paying for a full season of shows. Then, when CBC threatened to drop the games because ratings were so low, and when five of the ten new CBC local stations at the game — with the NHL behind them — passed general grants available to Vancouver, the city was forced to nominate a local official as the Canadian representative.

modified on 2012-12

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OUR VIEW YOUR VIEWS

much. Anyway, tons about 1967, more than half of those couple split up. Eighteen married couples. Thirty-six young, middle class, from all over, and we had lots of known them all, so the wild sort of well and truly married Canadians you might invite over to watch the Saturday-night hockey. And now what? All seemed to like Dick Bryant and his Heywood-Wake, now, each, not enough, yet sort of here, yet dirty, don't worry about that, baby. Saint and I won't be back. Tears of rage. Great latches of heart. Peter plus. Ahem. Who gets how much of the house? What does said Daddy get with the little ones? Did some of those long years mean a done deal after all?

I wondered what had happened. Something was amiss and hasty and terribly hasty had been shod, and it had howled from all over, but what was it? Their wedding had resolved over their shotgun and an unadjusted argument over a man's name, not even lessened by brother or sister. These friends of ours are all in their 30s now. They were grown men and women when they chose one another, and though few had been regular churchgoers when their days of boyhood school, they all got married in the mid-1970s, and, if you will remember, those years were a time in which people still stood up before a congregation

THE MARY BLACK

Dear Princess...
And how's *your*
marriage going?

was married here on a cold Adirondack shore with the only man I knew that I can rightly call an old friend, a man I have known since the time we first started the responses and despatched golf-women who would later become men, wives, and now he is old. Well, here's to us. Here's to me and here's to you and here's to you and your wife. There are some things I can't marry off to us." It began to rain the raindrops that are not falls, and it was something like drawing up a lot for a large party. The So-and-sos, we all seemed forget the So-and-sos. Yes, eight we simply must put down the So-and-sos.

I was arrested in 1955. I had some jobs, and we have lived in four houses in those countries and, in all of them, we have been arrested. In those other jobs, my wife and I have known perhaps 30 people who did not even know business and finance but, for a sensible wayup, were pretty smart. You move around, you lose

ead European ways, because
ious. A lesbian woman. She'd
the unpredictable. She'd taken up
a married man. And even by the
1990s, a divorce was still study
objection and, in many Canadian
communities, something of a freak.

It was hard to imagine anything more serious than getting married. Lee, Dick, the open and unabashed lovers, were the easiest and most naturalized love story of the 1960s in my time — in the time that all was well again getting married or getting along was about getting married — the most naturalized love story of the 1960s. Consumer Product Magazine, Peter Townsend, the star-crossed love, and we were all in love there to do what all true lovers want to do. Get married. But no, Townsend, Margaret and Townsend were the second-best loved story, best ones were The Prince and The Star, Prince Roderer and Gracie. The whirling male in heaven kind in radiant white, she earned out her neck, she howled her sleek boudoirs bent, she closed her long limbed fingers under her eyes, and showed her perfect lips at her. The Bishop of Mirella said, if you are aware of the dates, you are both children of —? Anus. And now, if they break up, I'd rather not have heard

I'd suppose that all this resonance did strengthen the marriage of friends, but what I think it really was was such encouragement to people into careers that were bound to be pretty much in the very beginning and, at the time, it made the anomalies horrendous and embarrassing as scenes. These images had to stand up without really as the historical authority of the night itself and they should stand up or they had to fall down and disappear. They could not base themselves on anything else. It did not possibly roll well so long as it stuck to the past as authority. For a time now, some of my contemporaries have been in a cruel hand. It began that began with the movie of Grace Kelly, and continued with the somewhat great stories of *Die Hard*, and then went on into that of *Payday* love among all a groovy ladies who've got what we never have again, and maybe it really had anything to do with all these, a billion wild new measures and bifurcations and fissiparousness were coming hard at my heart. Because it's not that I appear a successful young investor, the circumstances and careers and ambitions and temptations and

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BRUCE continuo

provisions of their lives were changing in rash and dramatic ways. All the circumstances, that is except one. And that one unchanging fact was the fixed old view: I am yours, you are mine, and that's it.

But, of course, it isn't. Adultery may be the cause of a broken marriage, it may be a symptom, it may be a source of added agony for someone. It may be a fringe benefit for someone else, but, in 90% of the broken marriages that I know anything about, it was snuffling around in there somewhere. In any event, we old married people in our 30s and marriage refugees in their 20s are trying to pass the baton generation to generation the full meaning of adultery in the work of a novelist such as John O'Hara. In O'Hara, if the cruel and elderly woman wants to stick the ice pick into her husband where he'll never forget it, she says something like this: "Avery, you remember that time up at the country club the summer we had the rugdo Puerto Rican and you and Father Kallan won the annual doubles championship?" I'm sure you remember. *Av* I remember, too. Avery, because what do you think I was doing with John all that summer? *Dear, during John.* Only that one summer? Avery, why are you falling over like that, clutching your throat and gasping for the very breath of life?

Some of our divorced friends have married again, some are living communally with new partners, others are just muddling along on their own. For instance, the grown sons had their married irreconcilable pairs in the months after their mothers collapsed and, out of these two happenings more than they were in the hot sticky stretches of their first marriages and, so far as an outsider can tell by looking, their children are exactly as cheerful (or cheerless) as they were before.

In some cases, the husband and the wife had just found out that, after 10 or 15 years together, they simply could not bear to look at one another. They could not even exchange civil words. They had made a bad mistake, a long time before, and now things had scared irrevocably, and they could afford the money to split, and there was no Depression, no war, no longer even much public outrage to divert, nothing to impose enormous demands of social regularity on anyone of us. I have seen families of the most ordinary constituency and grotesquely wretched history that can characterize a truly good marriage, and sometimes it is intelligent to cut your losses.

continued on page 20

AISLIN'S PERSPECTIVE: Three men at sea . . .



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SHARE YOUR GOOD HEALTH

LETTERS continued

one in which we found such sorry and acute worth reading. So many precious hours were wasted for the young, tried writers. I do wonder how many of them take the time to read *Mariners'15* and *W.L. MASTERS*, WINDSOR.

The silent Right

In its criticism of a predominating Leftist viewpoint within the news media, Ruth Krasnowitz questions the chances of the conservative point of view being heard (In Our View — And Yours, April 1). I have recently undergone an experience in which the Left was principally blamed for Rightist policies and the results of its views, and can a serious propound. As far as I know there is no bias against the Right making its views known. But it seems to prefer to act in secret and not use modern methods of communication.

WILLIAM M. ANTHONY, GLEN ELLY, N.C.

Ruth Krasnowitz replies: At this Anthonym group stage, there is no bias against the Right making its views known. But the point I was making was that those in the news media being generally opposed to conservative viewpoints, it is only natural to expect that there would be an opposition of the news. In fact, Mrs. Anthonym has done what she believes are correct and made clear one of what appears to be her very basic views in my mind when I wrote: "It's when we're told 'We're not doing this or that' when you're asked to do it or improve it to try hard at. We haven't been trying."

It wasn't fiction for McCollum

Bob Brown's article, *My Friend Is Such A Cheater* (The Answer, April 11), wants us to believe that our country's first lady sounds like a big "go on." It reads like an excerpt from *Carrie* 22. But if half the things the article says are true then Hello, Mrs. not writing fiction but prophecy. Truth is stranger than fiction.

ROSE KREBS, THREE RIVERS

• Is there anything the average Canadian can do to encourage Canadians to take steps to see that some restoration is made to people like Stein? Frightening things are happening all across Canada and innocent people are often on the drums to demands that the rest of this country take care of those facing homelessness, especially on the streets and talking for a few minutes are liable to be given a sentence to appear in court, especially if they have brains or limb loss. The older generation (and I, looking at Stein's biography) just seem to be looking sideways, like for half an hour and a policeman would even think of taking them to prison on. — DERRYL N. SAMSON, VANCOUVER, MARIE GENE

• I suggest that Sen. McCollum, the problem, who had so much trouble after clearing the CBC news (which has continued on page 24)

*H*er letters home say she's never lonesome. But she expects Mom to read between the lines.

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LETTERS continued

was column May 1 has been reading too much, or perhaps borrowing from, Ken Kesy's book, *One Flew Over the Canadian Nerve*. As a former senior editor of *Canadian Living*, I worked for more than two years at the Ontario Mental Hospital. I read Mr. Crookshank's account of what happened to him there somewhat incompletely with my knowledge of the place. It's a dirty, ugly, sordid place in many ways — but the idea of people (patients and staff) who are told they have the best ways of coping with all that they are forced to deal with. Given the circumstances under which we work, they are doing a damn fine job! — DAVID KENYON, Toronto

Ho to 'progress'

A note to reader W. D. MacEachan: Your column has raised the question of progress that could threaten the existence of human life on earth (27, *Globe and Mail*, May 1). Some years ago, an astrophysicist suggested to build a nuclear weapon to fire from the moon to the sun to disperse the concentration that it would block the way for the return to their spawning grounds, he argued, "To hell with the fish — you can't stop progress." One may chuckle at the thought that on the day the fish go to hell the industrialists will go with them.

JOHN PLATT, Peterborough, Ont.

It was suggested to me that Dolan Camp, who speaks glowingly of Grand Lake, New Brunswick, was photographed at Grand Lake to stir the interest of Canadian tourists. The photo shows the covered bridge that spans the lake and connects the community of Castlegrove on the West and Narrrows on the East. It is quite a distance from the Grand Lake — MARY S. ECKHARDT, Halifax, N.S.

With all due respect, *Photographer* Dorothy White Ellicott seemed to allow Mr. Camp with a town on the back, granted this reflects the human quality of the general view that appeal so much to Mr. Camp. *Photographer's* house, we feel.

"I'm not much of a swimmer, but I love the water and I float a lot. An air mattress is a great place to get a tan. All summer long, I just spend every free moment floating around in the sun. Sure, every free moment. If you use Towaway tampions, it's easy. They're worn internally. Maybe you should try them."



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have headquartered there, and some of them in CAC's leadership at that time. But the love and concern death of Celia does nothing to suggest that CAC's potential testing was by negligence. I believe, from the personal report of Mr. Johnson, that Celia's refusal to let CAC's Dr. John Crookshank work for about six months prior to making her death — to carry out specified work to the best of his ability for its survival. Since NRC staff members, similarly as volunteers, helped CAC with scientific advice on technical questions, but the big NRC decision to let Celia's remains be buried in the CAC grounds is the source of test data published as *Canadian Consumer*. It takes courage, but can consumer work. Of the many in compensation I experienced in Ottawa, the Consumers closed doors were open the most. I would like to see him grant to the Society, acting as a third contract research organization that would gladly carry out test for CAC — for a lump fee.

ROBERT MCKEEON, Palo Alto, California

It was interesting in a frustrating way to read in your April edition that the HRC has insisted both that we need more Ralph Nader in Canada. After a year of dealing with Mr. Hirschfeld's department I am inclined to agree with him. Recently, in March 1989, I brought to the department a proposal to expand our work with the car as one of their last letters they advised me that if I was dissatisfied with their efforts I should consult my solicitor. What chance do I have with my solicitor if our "all powerful" federal government cannot get any action? Will demands like this satisfy the powers behind Mr. Nader? — MALCOLM J. HAYES, Coquitlam, B.C.

I drew your attention to the statement — "Let there be 20,000 coin plants this year" in the *Calgary Herald* Economic Report. The figure is probably erroneous. Our office, then in 1988, served the public an approximately 30,000 occasions which included about 2,500 instances of "overhead." Of this latter figure, many were the result of a single customer who had a large amount of those that were just not adjusted to the installation of both parties through the efforts of the BBB. The so-called "consumer resolution" has not only been shilly-shally and shamed by vote-correction politicians but also to some degree, by journalistic sensationalism. — ALLEN R. KEEF, Manager, REVENUE DIVISION OF CALGARY

Was France right?

Jay Carroll's article, *Madam and The Single Girl* (May), was very interesting but I was rather surprised by the claim that in the Civil War of 30 years ago, France was the aggressor. Do you know that the English side was Celia's last and longest? France's peace treaty may not be all that could be desired by a long way but had the others not signed would now be a Communist state and all the hell Jay Carroll had in

continuum on page 26

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LETTERS continued

Madrid would not exist any more. Secondly, it is more people realized that and stopped supporting the Leylines as democratic which they were not.
D. MICHAELE VINCENZO

These spelling aptitudes

Dear Editor: Carolyn Tolonen Acker has won a wonderful experience to work over after reading some of the half-filled columns in the rest of the mega issue. The *Amherst Review* article may cover these worldwide subjects, but Carolyn is more suitable for Macmillan because it has an award look. Carolyn also,
VERON VALENTINE, BURLINGTON, Vt.

• I very much enjoyed the *Amherst Review* by Diane Pifer. Don't be in a hurry to make them more often. Please that Diane Pifer continues to contribute and maybe she should travel her country a little better. Everett (Amherst No. 2 April) isn't in southwest Saskatchewan it's in the northeast.
SUE K. PFEIFFER, MELROSE, N.C.

Inflation — what's wrong with it?

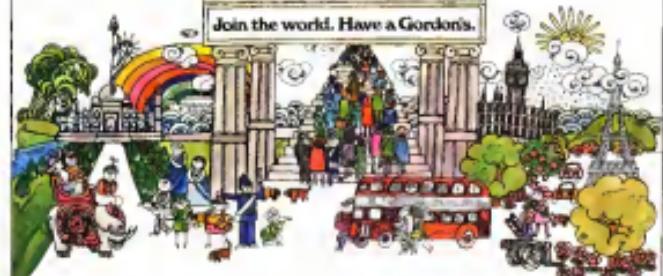
As a grade-12 student currently taking an economics course, I have become increasingly aware of both the political and economic situation in our country. Much of this awareness has come from reading newspaper editorials, Macmillan's *Amherst Review* and Blaauw's article, "Where do Terra's About Inflation?" not both acknowledging and thought provoking. It is sad to think that the future of Canada is to be based on the trembling foundations of a collection of subversive economic myths.
LINDA RAYES, WATERTON

• Prof. Blaauw has a lot to learn. She should be advised that the critical dollar issue between government and private spending is that the latter declines as present. She is in error in suggesting that the answer lies in working for lower taxes or in the like issue of our marginal effects do not provide us with sufficient direct benefits of our own choices.
MR. H. W. LINDRETT, CROYDON

• What is so striking about inflation? Moody that we don't have it. It's a perfect example of the Nut disease. But if you tell a big enough lie often enough people will believe it. The word "inflation" is being used as a scapegoat by orthodox finance to hide the fact that the use of date systems of date finance has broken down — it is inflation that has broken down. — T. ROBINSON, VANCOUVER

• I am a Grade 12 student taking economics and I found this article helpful in studying about inflation in Canada. Professor Blaauw has a good point. He is probably who has taken the problem of inflation very seriously. She has never written a new column on inflation changes and I feel that it is up to everybody to do something to control inflation.
ANNEETH FORTIN, WENONAH

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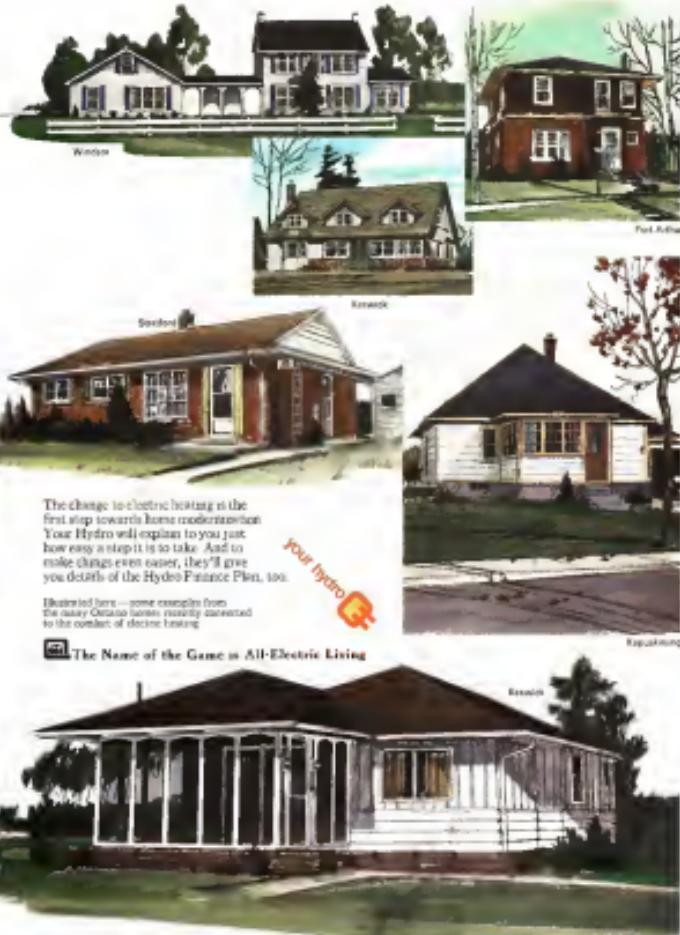


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LETTERS continued

Support the hometown team

Karen Douglas, of Beaumont, Texas (but who has lived in Canada for 10 years) continues for their nationalism and patriotic cost that were it not for US money and group and go we'd still be a real world (Laurier, April). Does she imagine for one minute that Americans come up here with their money and give up and go to benefit Canada? They are not quite that altruistic! —M. MARTIN, THIRYTON

Let's face it, when states will be around for a long time. The absolute global values is unfortunately far from us. Meanwhile, we often occupy the position of such known as Canada must fully protect it, or it will be lost or irreversibly modified by other states which promote themselves. Call it "the capitalist" or "superior of the hometown team." But Canadian-Canadians must not do this. No other country on earth or international business corporation is likely to provide us with what we say. "Well, we're Macleans, for example, carrying poor Canadian citizenship." —W. STRAKER, WINNIPEG, MB

I am 37 years of age, a card-carrying Progressive Conservative, and an ardent nationalist. As the Conservative says in Canada's Future Congress 1970 that "our country is a birth place economy, a colony and cultural colony" of the United States. What applies here is that so many Canadians are misguided in this situation but when Macleans' strength is based at least some pleasure of recent feeling among the public that the Macleans' is a nest of "progressive" journalists and trying to destroy the two leader Canada has and "vermou" and "injured" into Americans." I respect a great many American and many aspects of their nation. Yet I believe that one can be a progressive Canadian and not an American nationalist without becoming a "Canadian" scum. The most has come for all of us to decide if the values of our society are worth keeping and if they are few here to keep them. I am a Canadian, my roots are here, and how this break up country of ours. I am an American, and a truly great society, or let us see the United States, get a vote in Congress, and in this way as best, have some control over our destiny.

ALAN D. PEYKE, LONDON, ONT

Zell, you're only medium

Just because Larry Zell happens to like *Zachary Jones* is no reason to down-grade *Mystère Coat* and *Zero Ruler* both refreshing new-form blues impeccably. *Mystère Coat*, which for some strange reason was passed at the grand old reprobate of course, *Avant Avant* magazine. He comes on the last few records as "posturing of the smirking infants" in a peculiarly mean phrase in view of their effective separation from old-line blues, stakes low for me at any rate, except

RAYE PERIN, ST. JOHNS, NEWF



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reports on his own journey into
the heart of Canada, and on the
people who keep it beating...

And Now For The People Who Don't Make News

BY WALTER STEWART

THE QUESTION WAS banal, but then, I hadn't seen Alex Gay at more than 20 years, when we were in high school together. He stayed in London, Ontario, and became a car salesman, I left, and became a reporter. Our points of contact were few, it seemed to me, there wasn't really much we could talk about, except other old friends, and now, picking away at an overdone meal in a crowded restaurant on the fringe of the city, I was all at once. So I asked this banal question: what did he think was the greatest problem facing Canada today? I knew roughly what the answer should be—apartheid, perhaps, or inflation, rebellious youth, or the decline of morality. There was an outside chance it would be the White Paper on taxation or urban decay.

Ales picked up a potato chip and examined it as carefully as if it had some hidden message screwed on the side. "The Canadian Indian," he said, and popped the chip in his mouth. He looked up, clear blue eyes in a round, ruddy face, and waved his fork over the food on our plates. "I went up to Seal River on a fishing trip last year," he explained. "We were just catching the fish, not eating them. There was an Indian village nearby, and an Indian asked us what we were going to do with our catch. I said we'd probably feed 'em to the dogs. I said fish make pretty good food for dogs. Well, he looked at me in kind of a funny way, and he said, 'It makes pretty good food for Indians, too.' So we gave him the fish. The next day, we were sitting around after dinner. Our ♦

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HORST EHREHT

MIDDLE CANADA reviewed food had been down in with us, and will be eating steaks. Hugs, bloody things — you could never get through one of them. Our people come over and asked if he could have the scraps to feed his family. He gathered everything up, served the plates clean, and took the whole mess back to his tent. Well, Jesus, I thought, what have we done to these people, what are we doing to them?"

Alex pushed his pipe away. He had just drawn a hole blow to my personal notion of what the Middle Canadian should think. I had come to London on impulse, in pursuit of Middle Canada, of that vague group of people who seem to have been lost in the shuffle of recent years, when all the attention — and I mean the attention of the media, of Middle Canada — had gone to the more dramatic, happier, Yippie-scientist extremists, New Leftists, and other exotic breeds. Reading the newspapers, watching television, reading my own magazine, I never seemed to meet the kind of people I grew up with in London. Decent people, most of them, although not in their ways, perhaps different because not in their ways. They still believed in God, the Queen, their country, law and order and, with all their imperfections, the system that gave them security and moderate prosperity.

I had a pretty clear idea of what these people would be like, after all, U.S. television has given the Middle American a thorough going over in recent months. *Time* magazine, in an article left of French ancestry, made Mr. and Mrs. Middle American Man and Woman of the Year. Four-fifths of the Middle Americans are flesed, bitter, hostile, narrow and reactionary, and there was no reason to suppose the Middle Canadians would be much different. It didn't work out that way, perhaps because I took the assurance that *Time* tends to impulse a whole class of people on a single wrong plane, perhaps because the Middle Canadian is more complex, less dolefully, more engrossing than his American counterpart.

Whatever the reason, I have not found the Middle Canadians easy to classify, even though I began with a number of arbitrary guidelines by re-writing myself to Canadians who are neither rich nor poor, who are 25 years of age or older, and engaged in ordinary occupations — doctors, businessmen, salesmen, lawyers, farmers, tradesmen, bureaucrats. These people should share the same ideas and attitudes but they don't. like

Alex, they keep slipping sideways out of the niche I want to prepare for them. Everybody knows the Middle Canadian is supposed to consider the Indian dirty, drunk and the author of his own misfortune. While they exhibit some common concern — anxiety over the future of law and order, an ambivalent attitude compounded of homage and hostility toward free-born youth, a growing impatience with Quebec — Middle Canadians do not speak with a single voice, and more of them than the simplified phras that shrinks all problems into a single breath. My parent of the Middle Canadian, this, was not — The man I met in Ottawa.

I flew from Ottawa to London on a Trans-Canada flight, made a long telephone call, then went out to eat at a rather starkly lit and modest little restaurant, modest in everything but price — on Dundas Street, London's main commercial artery. While the steak and I struggled for masters, I found myself longing to a companion at the next table, where two business men were exchanging views over a cassette. When the youngster of the room — I would put him in his mid-30s — began to explain his delicate financial arrangements, I dropped聢aneously.

"I've started to eat back on the grocery budget," he said. "I've cut the thing right back. The way I see it, if ever anything should happen to me, Mary would have to get along on a fast diet, and she might as well get used to it now."

Thus by God, was a man who believes in working after the little woman. If that little woman were to leave him and chuck him right there, Mary would be on her own, worriedly slipping a hand. He the well-mannered lad in the Great-West Life television commercial who seems to be in well off, now that her husband is safely planted.

London is a great town for insurance men, and I spent the rest of the evening with one of them, David Bennett Haines and I grew up together in the city's south end, went to school together, played girls together the, having curly hair and an engaging grin with considerably greater success) and even, on one notable occasion, shinned up telephone poles together to post signs for the CCP during a provincial election. David has had both the shanty town and the socialist leanings of those early days — though not the hair or grin — and if he refers to native politics it will be as a Conservative. Why not? He has much to answer.

He took me to meet his wife, complaining bitterly and openly about the way the wife "She doesn't need a wig she has lovely hair." He coaxed her into taking off her wig, and she did indeed have lovely hair. Waiting for me to say so, as we sat in the comfortable chair of his living room, David looked so proud and anxious you'd have thought that her hair was his own creation, that he had grown it. His wife was embarrassed but pleased, and patted her丈夫's neck (she was blonde and ovaceous); it made her whole head look too round. David, still being so silly, she said, for she flashed her a smile of such penetrating warmth. I thought I should leave. But I didn't. Instead we looked at pictures of the children — terrific kids, I was to understand, they get along terrifically at school. The boy plays hockey, and David helps out with the league. "It's kind of crazy, but I enjoy it." David enjoys many things.

We discussed the state of Canada, and he expressed a view of this nation that I was to hear time and again over the next weeks. Essentially, Canada is a pretty good place, reasonably well run, and the people who want to tear it down or knock it up are beyond understanding. René Lévesque for instance, should be put in jail, or a madhouse; he is always stirring up trouble. French Canada is doing well, more than well, by pressing its demands on the rest of the nation. Perhaps it would be a good thing, well, not a good thing, but perhaps it is conceivable that French language should disappear from North America. After all, the majority of the people here are English and, as a democracy, free expression rules.

We argued about American domination of the Canadian economy, a subject of abiding interest to journalists but, I was to learn, a bore to the huge segment of Middle Canada. The Americans are our friends and relatives, David said, their capital and know-how helped us to develop, and to form them as new would be bad business and worse dispositions. The U.S. is in trouble, with its sprawling cities, its little Asian war, its racial unrest, and we are proud to be different, to be so non-American, but that doesn't mean we should be anti-American. Nationalism is a danger; a divisive look at how well-intended and responsible we, the Canadians, are toward Canada's problems.

Later, David drove me back to the hotel, and he seemed anxious to dispel the notion that he had settled down to



"The Middle Canadian is more complex, less definable, more engaging than his American counterpart"



|'In a world of chaos and pain, there is a pattern and a hope'|



MIDDLE CANADA considered blind sages. "There are a half of a lot of things wrong and I know it," he said. "There are a lot of inputs and stupid people around and some of them live in London." He — he grimed sheepishly. "I was going to think he was still a homeless boy, that he had never entered his books — this city has been pretty good to me, and I don't think I should be ashamed to say so."

The next day I went to call on a former teacher, Ernie McTavish, now an official with the London School Board. I remembered him as a muscular and upright man who said "G'day" when seriously provoked. He was, utterly unchanged. He used to teach the football team in London South Collegiate, and he probably should show a library that way. He had, but lost, his hard, but hard, but clean enough, but not hard enough, and he had to eat one, but did it so图案ly. I felt it was almost an honor to be invited from practice, and signed on as a winter boy to be close to the team.

I began to brood everybody with the same considerations for when Ernie's first wife died a few years ago, his former players swarmed on her from all across the city. But who didn't come to the funeral home was a close friend of mine, whom I'll call Joe, a superb athlete who, hampered by his own private devils, had become a falling-down drunk. The other former players had gone to call on Joe, but he was in a stupor; they weren't sure he understood what they were saying. He was too drunk anyway to come. Late that night Joe turned up, trembling, inebriated, but undeniably sober, to tell his old coach he was sorry that his wife had died. "He didn't say more than a few words," Ernie told me, "but by golly it took a lot of guts."

Ernie is a square. He has a rectangular, from a growing family, a solid job, a nice house, a little savings place to escape to. His values are the values of middle-class Canada, with an emphasis on respect, loyalty, hard work and clean living. But because he works with youngsters in high school, at a stage of ferment and rebellion, he is beginning to wonder if those values are enough.

"We have a tremendous problem with drugs in the London schools," he said, "but there's not much point in throwing kids in jail for that. The drug kid is a symptom of something bigger, of unrest across society. You have to wonder whether we really have learned to live in an urban so-

ciety. We're putting 10,000 people into a square mile, it may be we're building a society nobody can live in."

The society Ernie was talking about is the American one. For like many Canadian cities, London tends to reflect what is going on in the U.S. if it were happening here. Violence erupts through the city's television sets, and businesses fear Citizen Crime Alert to help the police. Citizen Crime Alert numbers pass the administration for better street lighting and conduct a daily court watch. The campaign has had a great influence to modify in stamping out crime in helping people to Think Police.

Another path in this direction was given by Mrs. Edith Speckles, a housewife and real-estate saleswoman, who suggested a weekly television program to carry Western writers and police propaganda. The suggestion was embraced at once by the local force, and a cable-TV company provided free program time. I went to call on Mrs. Speckles, a pert and pretty blonde, to see why she thought conditions were so dangerous in the east centrally as to require new and extraordinary measures.

"Because of what's going on across the border," she told me. "Whatever happens in the States happens here eventually. Our visitors don't have uprisings before they had them in the States."

Middle Canadians are milking to the bone all across the nation. The Chamber of Commerce in the Winnipeg suburb of St. James-Assiniboia was pressuring for a Crown's Information Commission when I was there (the commission, which I think I first thought a sounder of a political start), in Prince Albert, Saskatchewan, I was told of the Reapers For Law program that has sprung up under the heading of a local service club, and in Portage La Prairie, Manitoba, a bawdy虫子 I stopped on the street told me he was thinking of marrying his own Crime Alert program. His particular beef was again in the leniency of court sentences. "We seem to want more leniency for the criminals, and when are we going to pay some attention to the citizen who pays the bills and gets beaten up in his own home?" To me, it gave a little uneasiness.

One night I went to a Bingo cage at the London Annex, which I imagined as a roller-skating rink. Turned into, paid my 50 cents, won green in a Bingo card and entered at a place among five long lines of crowded tables, where *clowns* blithed over

their cards (I saw one man playing 21 games and losing to a hockey game on his transistor radio, all at the same time). I tried to get my neighbors to talk, and was followed into silence. But at the end of each game there was a pause of perhaps three minutes into which all activity — conversation, except to the johns, trips to the cafeteria, ordering of new cards and complaining about the management — was suppressed, and I tried to learn what I could during these lulls of sound and motion.

I asked, "What would be the reaction here to you one word — Quebec?" A short, wry smile was his immediate answer, a snorty indel Finger into my mouth, then a long, slow, deep, emphatic snort, which made the little pleat curtains bounce and startle. "The trouble with them Frags," he said, "and I don't mean using the word Frags — the trouble with them Frags is that they're pushing too goddamn hard." Up and down the table, heads nodded in unison, in if on a strong.

On Sunday, I went to Calvary United Church, the church I last attended as a teenager in the mid-1940s. It was all as remembered, the swiveling organ — he was swiveling the stool and wringing fervor from the organ at the same time — the swiveling children, the nodding procession. There was a good cross section of young people in the audience, nine young mothers and good young fathers keeping a wary eye on the front rows, where the Sunday-school students sat. For the first part of the service, The Reverend D. G. Davies Tippie, BA, BD, DD, prayed over us "in the Name of Life," he intoned, "may we have a good conscience and a strong step to set." His sermon, the thoughts of his various experience except to the point of his homily for grace passed from God to man and back to God and back to man. Like Big-Papa, I remembered reading that 92% of Canadians believe in God, and I wondered how many of those in church that day accepted the words we sing in Hymn 614.

Oil went out and out that God is good,
Who loves us All is beloved,
For God is for us, none that
Hath true.

Should we work wise apprehension
Not a soul I would want to press
in the people of Britain.

I don't complain of the pastoral in relevance of the service; we did not

"They still believe in God,
the Queen, their country, law and order
and the system that gave them security"

go to church to be disturbed, but to be insulted, to be told that in a world of chaos and pain there is a patient and a hope. As I emerged, looking, into the waiting Sunday sun, I couldn't help thinking that if Dr. Tippie had sent anything meaningful, he'd have emptied the church — affectively as if he had fired a stark bomb over the crowded pews.

I drove through downtown London on my way to the airport and saw the Union Jack flying from Supreme road, in defiance of common sense and current history, and looking thoroughly at home.

Wanging my next stop was in the three of a bottle over a prolonged invitation to Benito John Lenzen and his wife Toko to attend a summer light festival celebrating Manabusho Costumes. The invitation was like a call to arms for Middle Manabusho. A nice widow lady, not given to rough豪傑, told me, "I used to think you're a lot of [Prestress] Ed Soyer right up until the moment he invited that burr-headed John Lenzen and his wife — 'heh' — to our Costumes." A local open-air radio show (parade shows are the natural heart of the Middle Costumes), they say, set a Seisan Majinbo (the third of the three) and invited to the celebration of the Wanging inauguration was revealing. I caught em one more. From the Wanging Tsuboro which seemed to reflect in a horn and bell was, a sordid, bad, footer.

Data 8

Regarding the revision of Permanent Schuyler bringing the Higher Law Lunnon and his wife to our city. This is to my knowledge, the most revealing and the biggest study that could be reflected upon the causes of our city in our city. I hope and trust that they ask for money from people. They have long dark hair and never shave. The female species follow them with long and ugly strings. How can we keep our city free of the terrible sort of happenings if our own Preacher upholds the sort of things?

John Larson's vision of Pocatello's future. What has come to mind, instead, are stories, this time of the happenings and the guilty. No Christianity so belief in God. How much more can we the inhabitants of this city believe?

Many Middle Canadians, like J. Christian, are unhappy with the youth of today. According to a Canadian on Calling Poll, the 'Biggest Gripes' against young people in this country concern shabbiness and long hair. (In this at least, Middle Canadians and Middle Americans are alike.)

Harvard Business Review survey found 85% of those in overwhelming agreement with such statements as "Good grooming is a sign of self-respect," "I do not feel clean without a daily bath," and "Everyone should use a deodorant." The same respondents were also enthusiastic for the statement, "Hippies should be drafted."

of 1
of the people I spoke to had a dimmed view of youth; almost everyone spoke of the carelessness of today's young people, their superior situation, their sophistication, their alienation and concern but, they said, the conversation always took a what-the-hell-are-they-knowing-away? tone. At a small party in Whistler one man who began with gratitude that his children were growing up to question the values of their older, wound up, 'But what's going to happen when these young people have to do something besides stand around? I don't know, I wouldn't like to just sit and do nothing all day long, I'd be bored to death.' What's what I mean about these kids? What have they ever done anything that constituted one damn thing to the GNP? Let them go somewhere let them earn their right to be heard, and then maybe we'll see what can be done for them.

A voluptuous and sizzling as John Lennon and hell-bent youth ran out of acceptor reports of a study by a Whingeing sociologist on prostitution in the city. The newspapers and Professor William Morrison had found that many of the local prostitutes were suburban housewives, who did it at \$10 a thimble to help out with the grocery money. Professor Morrison said he was unapologetic, and that success of the study had not yet been measured. He began to cry out for justice. No water. The Whingeing public rose up to drown him down on the basis of the published reports. One housewife on air, after this program complained, 'He's mentioning that woman from the better districts may also be call girls. I don't like that.' She didn't deny it, she just didn't like it. Even more serious was the revelation I got from an elderly woman in Eaton's, whose objection was to the \$2,500 Canada Council grant Morrison used to pay for his research (he paid the \$10 in interview).

"I think it's a positive diagnosis," the doctor said.
"But how many are prostitutes?"
"No. Gaying has all that money to find out things like that." She added, "If you're going to write that down, you know what, you'd better write down..."

Morrison has a sensitive nerve in the Middle Passage, an unspoken but deeply held feeling that, when it comes to sex, only he is showing decent deference. Morrison suggests that, even here, the dykes are crumbling. It is too much.

From Winnipeg to Portage La Prairie, road religious signs along the highway.

PAEFSAE FOR STEAMITY, VOL 11.
BOOK AT THREE POUNDS.



Good grooming
is a sign of
self-respect¹

DON'T LET THE DEVIL GET YOU DOWN, CALL ON THE LORD AND HE DELIVERES.

JESUS BANK BURLEY I COME
QUICKLY
The last of these signs is put on
the outskirts of town, not a mile from
the movie house that, as I drove by
was proclaiming the charms of "99
Follies" "Whisper To Your Friends
You See It!"

In Portage, I talked to Robert Adrián who farms at nearby Macdonald, and in the centre of the rural municipality of Portage La Prairie. A large, available man with shaggy, blue eyes and square, farmers' hands, Adrián explained: "Canadian dirt" -

think enough of Canada. We look to the States for guidance, for leadership, for everything. I don't say we shouldn't have American money coming in here, but we should keep some control over it. I think to keep control over my firm or I might as well walk out."

Adrian gave me some insight into the bitterness so many westerners feel toward Quebec, the feeling that French Canada receives special concessions from Ottawa, and uses its privileged position to attack the rest of Canada. The federal money spent

own where my father was born. This sort of nostalgia proved futile, so I measured out ever larger portions of my father, as my father, who had been a minister there. The old house had disappeared beneath the river, and the people of Hanover didn't seem to talk about anything except the misery way in which the federal government treats the whole farmer family in the Hanover Credit Union.

and if he were French that his son would speak French. "Yes he is French, he wants no truck with the English," said Mrs. Léonard, and thinks the children of Canada, in Quebec, should speak French. "Because we sent all the children to the convent school, and their children do not. He does not consider that there is. You have all kinds of people here from all kinds of countries. — Germans kids, Ukrainians kids — and they all learn to speak English, and there's no trouble. You have too many old soldiers, than a difficulty. Why does everybody wants to speak all the time?"

I went to call on Kris Eggers, the young lawyer who works in what used to be Dieklenbaker's law office. A tall, serious, slow-spoken 31-year-old,

Eggman is the prototypical suburban, moderately well-off, nihilistic, decent, thoughtful, patient and worried. He's worried about war and drugs, about separation and divorce, about crowded cities and steadily eroding standards of society, even in Peace Abbey, the community where he lives. Eggman, like his colleagues, has been through CBC interviews that badly disturbed him, not only because it showed a man preparing to give himself a drug injection, but because, in the play, the man's life, raised from the waist up, makes a choice between the strings and the choices he has. "You would see his face," Eggman said. "Now [it's] sort of like they couldn't have made

or some point without showing her babies. What if there were children watching?"

It seemed to me that a child who is likely to be a success is not likely to be a success by a long shot. I am not sure that I am not more prone to fail than a member of the CBC, but I could easily be. Eggnut's concern was real, not pretend, that he believes there are talents that must be developed, regardless that must be upheld and that, in the conventional phrase of Middle Canadian, now is the time to take a stand. I am less arrogant than that point of view, but I was beginning to feel that I ought to stand up by myself, unashamedly and proudly, anti-American, anti-English, and anti-Real English, anti-industry and anti-change, but I am not so narrow, that all those people on the opposite, the square, the stand-up, the presenters, are simply pasties. There are too many among us like Algo, Guy and David, well-known, like Ernest McTavish and the Eggnuts, and they are the people and the strength of Middle Canada.

Rusty Staub: The Making Of A Muscular Millionaire



He plays right field for the Montreal Expos, hit .302 last year and is adulated by fans as 'Le Grand Orange.' But his eye is also on the big green

BY HARRY BRUCE

PHOTOGRAPH BY DON NEWLANDS

ASCENE, RUSTIE," they said. "Monteau Staub, Monteau Staub," and they pushed the baldspit pens up of his face, and the old baseball programs, the pocket notebooks, and the cigarette boxes, and he kept on signing his name, just that, just his name, Rusty Staub, Rusty Staub, Rusty Staub, and not just the pens and the scraps of paper back down to the hands that were like the bills of hungry baby birds, and his mouth was closed over a small comfortable smile, and held another box for his car, then out. Rustie, come. Merry merry, Merry Merry. And they'd go away, feeling good, taking the pose of paper with just his name on it and reciting it over in a special place. You could tell that they were feeling good by watching their eyes and not any one who had not seen him think of the words he was hearing the odd things about all was that these boys were not 11 and 12 years old. They were not the strong little "Rusty Staub's" of the sandlot and the back-handsome-hands of downtown Montreal. No, these guys were big baby-sitters, or at least they were as big as they'd been able to make themselves.

They were members of the Rebre-lsu Club of Mégaphone Montreal. The Rachetaz is French Canada's most powerful service club, and these men were top brass salesmen, merchants, Indians, stockholders, manufacturers, insurance executives and undertakers, and the last organised ball that any of them had ever played was probably a quarter of a century ago, way back in the time when they could still get away with dressing only once.

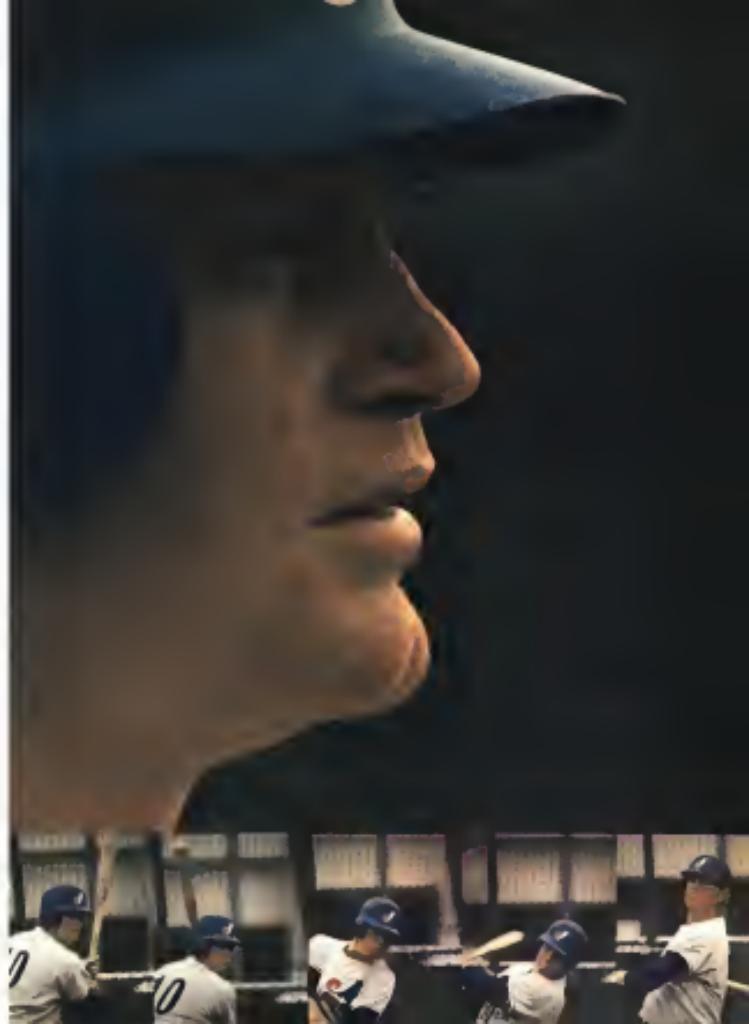
But look now, will you just take a look at that Rusty Hero. The Supreme Sports Hero. He hit .302 for the Expos last year, and 29 home runs. His undulaciones and this evening, anyway, he's down to a good clean 200 pounds. The diet is working. The famous red hair ripples back in neat but generous waves. The hair fits his head, and it's draped with gold. The suit is soft green, and it's cut in an edge, military, Edwards-style that proclaims not only the clean breadth of Staub's shoulders, but also a certain knowledge of what's going on a continent about where the sunnan is, how to find it, how to exploit it, and how to make out. Staub is the tallest, youngest, handsomest man in this whole bunch of 300 men and at 170,000, not counting the ones sold out, there's nothing that suggests he thinks it's really possible that, one day fairly soon, he will also have

more dollars than any of them. He's the rock of the walk. He's *Le Grand Orange*.

He came to Montreal only about a year and a half ago and already he's inspired the rhapsodic sort of public inflation that Jean Beliveau has spent half a lifetime in build for himself. Indeed, late last summer one of Montreal's French-language newspapers pelted its readers to discover the city's most popular sports hero, and the winner was none *Le Grand Bill* at all, it was *Le Grand Orange*. Obviovan, a friend and sometimes golfing partner of Staub, observed mirthly that, after all, the holiday season had not yet started. Staub's face must be even more popular than Santa Claus and, as proof, they ate what happened during the last Grey Cup game. Even in their apprehension about the war in Afghanistan, political treachery and empire, went to the company's traditional Christmas parade as they called it off, and envied themselves by entering the old carnivalesque in the Grey Cup parade. Staub, too, went along for the ride, and his admirers insist that, all the way down the long, cheering crowds of Montrealers, Staub got a louder hand than Santa.

It andantes, Staub appeared at the Montreal Forum, unannounced, during a halfhill sit performed by the Harlem Globetrotters' basketball troupe, and there were, something close to 17,000 people there, and they caught sight of this brawling bald down among the black basketball players, and they set up a racket that was louder than anything Staub had heard since his apprenticeship in all-star ball games at Breslau. And he'd played for the Houston organization for eight years. Staub remembers the night at the Forum. "Ah was owned by 'em," he says. "It's hard to get used by yourself, but Ah was owned by it. Ah didn't believe it. Until you here heard Rusty Staub say he was owned by something, really owned, you hasn't just not heard a real Southern accent."

But now, the Mégaphone Club of Montreal hasn't just given *Le Grand Orange* a fat, heavy plaque. That's the ostensible reason why he's here. To accept that plaque. He is getting the plaque because he took 23 French lessons during the off-season, and it's strange how the pass finds these things out, but now everybody knows that *Le Grand Orange* is trying to master the French language and, for Staub, it's all working out in just about the right place of personal refinement in the modern history of professional sport. This evening he has thrown away the race, though he



the speech that the Export public relations staff gave here in the afternoon, and he is ad-libbing a few halting sentences in French, and he is going away with the speech the someone who is trying to say something that is far in French, and his accent is better than that of several thousand WASP politicians in Canada. And, after all, he does seem to be a closely knit family ("About all we did in the family was grow up together and play baseball"), and he is a good Catholic, is he not? And did he not grow up only a few blocks from the French quarter in New Orleans?

Now, the House of Seagram — which includes Charles Bronfman whose millions of dollars helped to bring the Papas to Montreal in the first place — shows the *Rochelle Club* its biannual film about the roses and fancies and maybe even lovin' love affair between Montreal and its former young baseball team and, every time Stash's big, red head goes wagging across the silver screen, all the distinguished members of the Rochelle Club applaud like happy children, then look out of their doors up and tell *Le Droit* (written in English) that if he really wants to master the French language there's only one thing to do: Get a French girl friend! (One of the Export' better pitchers, Bill Stommel of Glad Park, Illinois, did just that, and married her, and settled down in Kirkland, Quebec.) And all of these friendly visitors give an unusual light of warmth and significance to this strange old city, whereby a strong young man dares to hand out his very own signature to adoring bops, to older men, and to other lesser males.

At the back of the room, and some distance from the banquet tables, there's a 40-year-old man sitting on a folding chair and watching Stash with wide, obvious pride and affection. He smiles, and his smile, and he smiles. He wears horn-rimmed glasses, he is rather bald, and his hair perhaps isn't very nice, or more conservative than Stash's. The man is a bit cheery but not so cheery as he often says he is. He appears to be very benign and Stash who knows him as well as he knows any Canadian, has said that he has never seen this man like his master, Stash, whose own temperament is anything but mild, and this with respect and admiration. The man is Gerry Patterson, business adviser to Randy Stash, and to John Bernier, and to Doug Dryden, and to Gordie Howe, and to Bill, and then to Gump Worsley, Bill Stommel, and half a dozen other pro athletes whose names alone may mean money. Pat-





Illustrated by Gerry Pogolino (Marty Rudy) Stone Inc will soon have 1000 LE Grand Opening endorsements on planes, books, clothes — and one million dollars

erson is an impressively sunny combination of business and sales genius, sports fanatic, and work addict. "It's just amazing," he says, "how much work you can get done if you get downtown by 7 a.m."

Patterson is confident that if Staubs will for the Taps during the next four years (assuming, of course, that the Export survivor that long), then he, Patterson, will have little trouble learning him. Staubs, *et al.* believe, at the moment, and for the next couple of years, Staubs' strength comes from playing right field. For Export it is a mere \$47,000 a year. Patterson is confident that if Staubs will for the Taps during the next four years (assuming, of course, that the Export survivor that long), then he, Patterson, will have little trouble learning him. Staubs, *et al.* believe, at the moment, and for the next couple of years, Staubs' strength comes from playing right field. For Export it is a mere \$47,000 a year.

terior, however, has already lit up Ray Stahl Inc. — the third member of the board of directors is Marvin Segal, president of Giovannini Inc., and the man responsible for Stahl's very happy shuffles — and he has requested the name *Le Grand Orange* taken too long, you can expect to see *Le Grand Orange* baseball shirts, *Le Grand Orange* feathers' gloves, *Le Grand Orange* uniforms and, of course, *Le Grand Orange* himself! As he tells you all about the super qualities of mortified sports cars, wall-to-wall outdoor motors, no, financial institutions and so on, and on, and on, and on, Mills, which plays here to 10,000 *Whooches*! He is president of the Bank of Montreal's Young Expo Club ("Who's it 16 or under, no popcorn, leave bottle-club and have lots of fun!" *A Young Expo*!) Late this spring Paterson was also negotiating with American Motors to get for Stahl the very sort of auto-endorsement deal that *Le Grand Orange* enjoys. Paterson, Billewicz and Stahl all dutifully drove American Motors cars and American Motors has donated two red-white-and-blue jeeps to the Expo club. Moreover, Billewicz wears wigs from Carnaby Kinging Mills, he re-

inger is filled with the same Pure-Pak milk cartons that, on television, he claims are so great, and he recently took out a Sun Life policy in urban to yet another endorsement arrangement that Patterson had set up for him. Stash drinks Seagram's V.O. in honor of Charles Brasheen, the Ep-pon very easy angel.

Patterson is the president of Sports Administration Inc., vice-president and shareholder of Team Bahamas Inc., vice-president and shareholder of Rudy Stahl Inc., and a director of Gordie Howe Promotions Inc. Patterson's other interests include the use of the names of Howe, Howe and Stahl and properties of some Canadian golf and tennis sports companies on an entirely separate basis of ownership across the country. His first business venture in the United States was a golf course in Place Ville Marie. Moving to the Canadians' request, the play-offs, and Patterson's ambitions and plans for *Le Glass* are too numerous, complicated and pretty sure as his *Gordie* venture into an extremely risky territory. And soon.

Headquarters for Rudy Stein Inc. are a desk in Stein's Solid-oak-and-iron-bureau, just in Westmount Square (Westmount Square is the sort of place that is inevitably described as "posh.") Patahmanian's plan for Stein's office is what he calls a "dynasty theory" of sports heroes in French Canada. The theory goes like this: when Bleuette Montruz was a sports虫, Toe Blake was already a sports虫 along with the next sports虫, when Toe Blake was the old Racket Kid, a young Racket Kid was

Paterson was already coming along when the Roosters was the only Bell team was nothing along. There was always an average bell, now, Bellavista is 30, and who is there in the Canadian organization to like over that special spot as The Superior? Seven? Nine? But maybe nobody. For Le Grand Dangere, that vacation could just be the chance of a lifetime. "If he were to win the batting championship," Paterson says, "his opportunity would be just fantastic."

Paterson's firm, Sports Administration Inc., also handles all corporate promotions for the Montreal Baseball Club. Paterson has an office, seating the Expo from office, and here these meet days of the week. Since good for the Expo is also good for Randy Staudt, and in a sense, what's good for Paterson, this arrangement suits everyone pretty well except, conveniently, one pretty faggish baseball player. One week last winter, Paterson booked Staudt into banquets in New York, Toronto, Montreal and London, Ontario, a net

work television appearance in Toronto, a business meeting with a machinery manufacturer back in Montreal, and appearances with the Expo '67 presentation caravan in Pittsburgh, New York, and Ottawa. Bush was nervous before the television appearance, on CTV's *Sports Hit Squad*. Patterson says, "I just told him that sometimes you have to watch these guys [Toronto] to overestimate them, and no matter what questions they ask you, you just look well and easy, you can talk to them by their first names a lot, and smile for a couple of seconds before you answer." If Herbko's *Sports Hit Squad* performance on *Sports Hit Squad* was a small masterpiece of charm and cool.

Stash was one of the seven Expo players who chose to make their offseason home in Montreal. This decision, and the rubber-chicken bar game round and the French lessons, and the appearances on French-language television, and the generally sweet relations between Patterson-Stash and the press, were all part of what Patterson is pleased to call a "quality expansion" program... In fact, Stash had been in Canada about eight months. Patterson was able to import to him that Sparta Administrators Inc. had already "established Rusty Stash in the Canadian country with particular emphasis on French Canada." As the night at the Forum passed, and the night in the Sheraton Club, and a lot of other public nights around town, this was an understanding.

There's a temptation to see that he's going and ending man as the addition as a terribly clever image-maker who turns big black athletes into others who now easily flush their chips (or, in Shamus case, floggers) in order to get people to give them money. Shamus himself, however, rejects this theory. He says talk as though he's just a poor boy from the country who's trying to get ahead but, behind the easy southern drawl, there's a sharp, incisive, that for, Rums.

Stahl, Montreal, as everything that people used to call The Main Chamber Studios, notorious destination to stay with the Montreal club in the spring of 1968, even though the Houston Astronaut started his return to Texas, made his son something of a hero in French Canada even before 1968 once Young & Gharib, promoted 14th length and Stanley Blythe Stepper on behalf of the Lpns. "This is the greatest band. Ask any band in, be it, 45s, and math opportunities are the seemingly great here." Stahl did not carry Gerry Patterson to tell him that, in the United States, the half players

and money? His results are mixed too, what's a bulldogger who won't go up in airplanes? He's not all that enterprising either, going up early in the day, staying long hours in a cold laundry, in the middle of the beauty parlor, skipping rope and doing a bunch of stunts and, over and over again, swinging a real baseball bat as hard as he possibly can on an imaginary hill rocks up in an imaginary strike zone. But what is a Ratty Ratty? What is a Ratty Ratty? Who can hit him? The answer — despite all the many efforts of a partner as clever as Gary Patterson — is that a Ratty Ratty who can hit is another ageing baseball player.

so will never have a million dollars, by comparison with most places, really does try harder, and perhaps that's because he wants harder, and, surely with as much faith in his current performance, he needn't worry harder, too. He says: "Then I fly home into the big city, and I'm not sure if some of the agents know that the established players, and old-timers, like to sit in a corner and had to work much as off for, to be able to stay in the city and play this sort. You worry, yes. You all yourself don't worry, you just work. You know what are you worrying about? You're making more money than anyone, 26 years old can reasonably expect to make. That some things like at contract Garry was talking about while ago, it's like when you're hungry, and you could almost have a meal in your mouth. And when you eat it, but you put it on to go back to the house straight up only things don't stay in your mouth. It's what's taking you to the house, and when you go up to another room, you're in the last patch, it's not the next patch, but in the next patch. And there's the institution?" That was on April 1st, though the team was playing elsewhere, because J. Stahls was winning well over \$500 everywhere he played in the east.

and soft-eyed young women could recognize him, wave at him, smile at him, and when he will be a man, he will be a man, he will be a starlighted young girl with dark hair, by helping her off with her coat he may never meet. "Actually," he said, "After not that nice a gentleman." She settled right back in his chair, and said, "I know, but you're still half of a baseball player. If you work with *Le Grand Orange* almost anywhere in downtown Montreal, the way I think and dress, the way tall boys are supposed to feel, and it is hard to believe that he does not deserve what he can get. □

The Ups & Downs Of A Great Canadian Peace Festival

This summer Canadians will see a whole new outburst of 'rock festivals' — including even a Rock Festival Train moving from Montreal across to Calgary. But the most ambitious one of all — the event that was to bring peace and music together into a giant Canadian Woodstock on the July 4 weekend — seems likely to dwindle into something much less grand. Here is the troubled story of what happened, a story that touches on everything from Beatle John Lennon to black magic, and gives a rare insight into North America's newest breed of 'pop' entrepreneurs

THE CONCEIVED PEACE FESTIVAL, which had promised the biggest names in pop music, and the largest single crowd in the history of the world, crumbled like a cracked balloon late this spring in the one-room schoolhouse a mile from Parkhill, Ontario. The six thousand drowsy young promoters from Toronto sat in front of the blackboard, aphorizing why Parkhill should be the site for the festival. Facing them on the township council and, behind the council, about a hundred area residents, many of them in work clothes, many of them farmers. At the back of the room were a few high school students and three members of the Canadian Navy Party who had handed out a leaflet entitled "Dear Ian Drago's Come to Parkhill."

The promoters' presentation took half an hour. It was mostly figures, so ready to be ignored by police authority, or classified as noise. During the presentation, the schoolhouse became an engine for emotional floods of "youth" and "folk" from the Navy. Then one of the farmers asked how his crops and birds would be protected.

"Well lay them," said one of the men from Toronto.

It was the wrong kind of answer, too quick, too far for people who live on rural roads and rural values. The promoters were from another world, the world of million-dollar ganaches and million-dollar net profits, of 150-dollar ad-rock, of prestige publics and even a little black magic. There was a world closed to the farmers of Parkhill. The farmers for their part had asked the meeting at the schoolhouse to make sure that that was exactly the way it stayed.

In 1968, scores and scores of the children were running, dropping out in Westward and running out in Vancouver's Kitsilano Beach, disappearing from north Winnipeg and heading for the north, then swinging back east to Toronto and Montreal. If you asked them where they were from they might say "Yorkville" or "all over, man, man, nowhere." The ones who stayed at home were running too, dancing more feverishly, smoking more pot, taking LSD when parents were out of town. They met at the rock festivals, the nodes of the youth movement. Late August at Woodstock, New York, 400,000 from all over the United States and Canada descended, gave way for three days what cost \$100,000 turned back in the price of used traffic.

Finally the press reported what the adult world saw, a disaster. Then four and five days later Woodstock's

triumph, the apotheosis of a new nation of young people, leadably opposite to the militant college revolutionaries. These were kids who wanted out but who cleaned up after themselves, who understood in public but who were prior to their elders. While they were anti-establishment, their hip-style meant an expanded market for records, clothing, and accessories. And, unlike their troublesome older brethren, they had a conception of peace that bypassed politics altogether and an understanding of love that was absolutely indiscriminate. In the Woodstock Nation the establishment had its best, if undiluted, day in years. And a number of sharp, hip young entrepreneurs had had the intestinal and the market for a quick, peaceful if earned fortune.

Four months after Woodstock, John Brown, 27-year-old Toronto rock-and-promotion guru, Karma Productions, landed in a old townhouse on Toronto's expensive Avenue Road. The Karma office has aluminum foil wallpaper on the inside and both interior and paint facing the street. One door south is the Toronto headquarters for Scientology, one door north a funeral parlor, for sale. Across the street there is a church with a large green neon cross, and, beside it, the St. Paul's Orient, whose manager W. C. Fields stays into the Karma from window with a skeptical smile.

During the summer and fall of 1969, Brown and a partner produced the Toronto Pop Festival and the Toronto Rock Revival, drawing 70,000 people. Though the festivals only made a few thousand dollars profit, they provided one of the biggest come-ups in pop music: a live performance by the Grateful Dead, the first time at the sketches.

Shortly after the Revival, the Brown partnership split up, with each man planning bigger and longer festivals for the following summer. Brown joined with Hugh Corry, a former disc jockey who had been negotiating a festival site, Mississauga, a 500 acre area northwest 50 miles from Toronto. In December, that group took off. John Lennon came to Toronto and announced that he would sponsor Brown's Toronto Peace Festival, a long weekend of music, camping, health food and yoga, to be held July 4-6. The festival was for profit, but as Lennon said, "Well stem off some of the cream for a peace fund or something," an idea

organizers hoped to have some \$50,000 in the Peace Fund. Del, who "I'd never forgive myself if New York was a war and we didn't do the Peace Festival," says Lennon, once rowed

best producer the Peace Foundation. Lennon returned to England to promote the rest of the Beatles and other legitimate musicians to come. Brown and Corry formed Karma and tried to money for what appeared to be a non-profit venture. Two months later they discovered a local bylaw prohibiting the use of Mosson for anything other than car races and agricultural fairs. It was the beginning of March and the festival was four months away.

His man". It's a morning early in March and Hugh Corry reaches across his blue piano desk with a soft handshake. Corry looks like Pat Boone's planner, thinner now and wears a see-through shirt, belted trousers, long hair and a red-white-and-blue stripe with no-inch fringe. He is vice-president of Karma Productions and his desk is remarkably uncluttered. Corry is an easy person. He is into telephones and right now both are ringing and calls are stacking up on his conference phone.

Cheeky man's it's Hugh. You see, the Mississauga site, but we'll get it on, man. — No. The reservation fell through as well. Yeah, it would have been great vibrations, all these Indians around, but there were too many hassles with the Indian Affairs Department. — Yeah,

there's trouble at Parkhill too, but I figure it'll be OK if we pick up the ticket price a buck and practice there at Peace Memorial Hockey Arena.

But, hold on for a second, will you? Corry clicks on the conference speaker, leans back and puts his feet up. "Blagh," says Kitten, the girl Friday, "It's late on there."

Thank you. Corry beats at the conference phone. I need his check off and picks up the receiver. — Uh man, what's going down? — It's? Let's send him a birthday card on the Telex. —

It does not take long as Corry's off-line to realize that every change every move in preparing the world's largest pop festival is telescoped into the pink plastic soundtrack under one phase or another. Consider, for instance, the extraordinary negotiations. In the extreme, if negotiations fail, Corry's plan is to get the police to find out what as they say at Katten is going down. What is going down at the moment is the festival site.

After lunch Mississauga Karma used several pieces of lead before announcing the festival would take place on 3,000 acres of pasture field near Parkhill, seven miles from the summer cottage of Ontario Premier John Robarts. Shortly before the public an-

ouncement, the Ontario Provincial Police visited Parkhill with the New York State Police from Woodstock. The footage selected was not favorable. The mayor, who had previously supported the festival, announced that he was being pressured to change his mind by elected government representatives. The township council, concerned began to discuss the possibility of prohibiting the festival.

Meanwhile, in Toronto, the investors were threatening to cut off funds until a site was finalized. So there were a lot of phone calls going on. — Get Gilman in here will you, Katten?

Gilman is Brian Gibely 23, with long hair, a wild Billie Holiday moustache, an unshaved MA in linguistics and the title of co-director of Human Behavior Research Group, a consulting firm to Karma. He is a general trouble-shooter, responsible for some of the most effective negotiations in getting John Lennon temporarily off the Imagineanum (banned), prohibited (at drug conventions) and into the country.

Hi man, Buzz Click Katten on the conference phone. Corry beats and says, "Bum's great," Gibely nods.

Between calls, Corry riles Gibely that he has been listed on the board of directors of the Peace Foundation as a linguist. It is just a temporary





Last individuals were to break up the partnership of former English John and Yoko.

board of local people to pack the real band. "By the way," says Curry, "we've got the spiritual aspect of the festival claimed as 'Gibboly looks involved.' Can't gain back to the phone."

The spiritual aspect arrived at Karmen with Laonard Holloman, a Vancouverite whose long red hair falls down over his shoulders. Holloman had been meditating on New Year's Day when he received a phone call from his rancher, Dr. Don Hartman. Zee, as he is called by his compatriots, had invited Zee and Holloman to go to Toronto. Holloman's spiritual vision was to have a powerful effect on the Festival plans. When Holloman arrived in Toronto in January, he met another student of the occult, David Britton.

Britton writes pop songs and is involved in manufacturing exotic T-shirts. However, for several years he has been most interested in holding a gathering of young people and "fellow-travellers" from all the world's philosophies except Communism. Together, he and Holloman refuse the plan and brought it to John Brower, producer of Karmen Productions.

At this time, early January, Brower had his hands full with more earthly problems. A local bad decision by Finch Karmen and the Beatles had cost manager sheet who would control the proposed Peace Festival, as well as the festival. Brower had begun to collect names for the festival's board. The Beatles representatives invited the bad always been John Lennon's privilege.

Lennon was then on retreat in Denmark trying to give up smoking. An image won Holloman's old teacher, whom Karmen called by his name, Zee. When he heard of the info the Beatles summoned Brower to Denmark to smooth the vibrations with fasting, meditating, energy exchange and telepathy. When the sessions were over, Lennon announced that he had, through meditation, broken his stand and had decided that the fes-

tal would be the headline in the next issue of the most influential pop music magazine.

Before Brower left California he received this telegram: "You have done exactly as we told you not to. We said it was to be free. We want nothing to do with you or your festival. Yours in anger, John and Yoko."

When Brower returned home in early March, he found Karmen of London's so-called representatives. The next morning he opened his door and found a headless chicken wrapped in black silk. Brower picked it up, threw it in a garbage can and walked to the office where he sat staring at the television for a while, wondering where it had all gone wrong.

Britton's spiritual beliefs had already done the festival for less damage on the West Coast than Brower's own inability to answer a number of hard questions. In the six months since Woodstock, the American underground had become highly sensitive to the negative possibilities of dealers, particularly after 100,000 had turned up at a Rastafarian-influenced strip strip and Altamont, California, before the lefties. Among other information, it was to include the festival's astrological forecast. The forecast was provided by Mr. and Mrs. Ed Chastain of Cheyenne, Okloma, and read:

"With favorable signs on the angle

the whole matter will be light in a wise of days. Neptune (drugs and drags) is ruler of the chart and opposes Saturn (Germen) in the House of Money, so that fear of drugs and drink will bring opposition from the powers that be. With Venus, ruler of the Second House (Money), square to Saturn, the show will cast too much for the visitors to be profitable. The weather would be a little many."

"We can't use that!" bellowed Hugh Curry.

As soon as they received the request from John Lennon, Holloman and Wilson flew to Denmark where they sang, fasted and meditated. After two days they left on the understanding that they were the Beatles' representatives in Canada, although Lennon later denied this.

The new Canadians flew straight from Denmark to the Jefferson Airplane's mansion in California where Brower had arranged the first press conference since the announcement of the legend. There Britton told the Karmen representative of his new position and proceeded to say that everything was set for the festival including a visit from the interplanetary brothers known as YETTIES PEACE FESTI-

VAL, read the headlines in the next issue of the most influential pop music magazine.

Tonight's forecast: frosty and light.

Morgan White Rum A cool, refreshing breeze along the party circuit. Adds a light touch and an intriguing new taste to mixed-and-drug rum drinks. Keeps your chilled refreshments well below the freezing point. And Morgan White displays cool where many others fear to tread. Cocktails, for instance. You just shake 'em up with Morgan White. The big rum in Canada. The light of the party.

Morgan White Rum



"It's a little thought for peace. This cache our troubles will cease. If enough people are thinking it. Maybe we'll be making it. Give a little thought for peace. It looks rough," says Bulster.

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PEACE FESTIVAL, continued

Actually, he wishes the whole peace side of the festival would just disappear. All it has done is breed a lot of suspicion. Since the proposed weekend is a holiday in both Canada and the U.S. and since there will be large summer unemployment, they are certain to sell something like 300,000 tickets whatever they put on.

In another office Githly is finding off a lep young salesman who is pushing tokens engraved with the signs of the zodiac to be used on the site instead of money. The perl comet because the kids decide to keep the ones they don't spend for making beds and necklaces. Githly says that given so much unemployment, he doesn't think the kids will keep any. The man asks what would happen if they did not have refund booths. "Probably a riot," says Githly.

Hugh Curry is talking with the editor of the Peace Magazine about the Peace Vote. The Peace Vote would be supported by millions of kids phoning into radio stations with their names and addresses to declare themselves for peace, not for any ideology, just for peace.

He walks the door to Coop's office. Kira is dutifully going through the mail. "This letter is a fair representation of me at this time, which, I year and a half ago, I would have sent to Lester Brehm or Senator Kennedy. I no longer want that. I am a bright young Harvard graduate. I can do anything I choose, I choose music."

"Peter Greene will offend people capable of intelligent administrative planning and decision-making, people who will ride hard to see that all that is good and right with Peter Greene is brought to full fruition — together people who will work their tails off because they care about peace and peace is all we'll care."

It is late afternoon. A photographer has come to take pictures of Brewer while I interview him. He poses beside a giant panda he has just bought for his one-year-old daughter. Brewer looks pert. "Aren't I you supposed to tell me some dirty stories or something?" he asks the photographer. The photographer says he doesn't use that technique. He asks Brewer to make a V-sign. "None of that," says Brewer. "You use a peace sign when you want to communicate something, not when you want to hype a photo graph."

Brewer estimates his personal take from the festival at about \$300,000, maybe even if the movie grosses well which is not unlikely. "But you act

it just for the money," he had told me. "I didn't have to give up half the festival like in the Peace Foundation Man. I'm getting only eight now from a group of 10,000 people. I'm getting 100,000 to 150,000 visitors and have to pay for \$250 trailers and have to prepare the drivers for them. But what he wants to do is charge \$25 a ticket, put it on closed circuit TV, and bring up a motorcycle gang and make a 'festival' out of it. I want to make this thing an establishment, something to show the Establishment, something that's worth more than a dozen PhDs."

Brewer is from an old Upper-Canada family. His great-uncle is John DeFrobster.

"The not anti-establishment. You've got to relate to the Establishment in ways they understand, show them that they can make more money on peace than on war. That's why this whole thing really has John Lennon like you just starting to get recognized by the right people. That meeting with Trudeau was just the beginning. I think Trudeau would have come to the festival and so would Prince Charles and Princess Anne, but now Lennon looks like it."

The phone rings. It is the man from New York. "Okay," Brewer begins, "what kind of deal do you want to make?" Brewer's wife and I go into the kitchen where she shows me a bunch of dry strung stems. "It's tan in root," she says. Tannin root is what the Indians used in Rosemary's baby. "The people who lived here before had it and we figured it must have been important to them."

I hear Brewer say, "Maybe we'll sign an agreement in New York. He hangs up the phone and comes to the kitchen. I say that I thought he didn't want to deal with the man from New York. "He might come around," Brewer says. I ask her where the Peace Foundation is now.

"He's trying to be just another charity giving handouts to people who are too busy to work. What we want

is to do is help people who have ideas for peaceful products get started."

The foundation's first work will be

to back a healthy franchise called Big-burgers. Big-burgers are to be made for 12 cents and sold for a quarter, and taste like a cheeseburger. A percentage of the profits will go into the Peace Foundation. A five percent finder's fee goes to Brewer.

Yogi Berra, who developed Big-burgers, will also provide the free food at the festival. Take everything else, free food is a mixture of social responsibility and good business. If there's free food," Brewer explains, "you cut out the revolutionary types, so they don't go around liberating the concessions. A young free food is

part of the spirit. It's like the army. There's no competition over food. He adds his wife if there are any audience, she gets us a plate of fast food, chicken wings, french fries, "You will never be hungry." More says, "You will be satisfied when you should be kind."

How will you protest my hair and my crap?" was typical of the quips that were asked in the schoolhouse at Parkhill, a shiny little village looking almost like a prairie town. "What if Parkhill is declared a disaster area and the insurance company refuses to pay?" What would you do if a bomb turned down and how would we prove it was the people at the festival who had done it?" "What is to prevent these people from staying and living with?"

The citizens of Parkhill were not running anywhere and had no desire to become a checkbook for the thousands of youths on the road in 1970. Parkhill had already faced its peace days as a peace for different from our Peacely members of Westbank, a town of 1000 people, who were saving and waiting for the harvest in Parkhill, per capita with slow, carefully worded statements, not with youthful exuberance, the noise lightly accelerated and the music thrilling. Why young people would want in New east their needs are drugs was an enigma to Parkhill, as the former's more concerned opposition was to the surrounding Godfathers dressed pretenders.

After about an hour of questions, a boy gets up at the back of the schoolhouse. He looks about 16, with long hair but with a conservative leather jacket and white turtleneck sweater. Don't you see? That is why we are all leaving here. There's nothing for us nothing to do. Not the young had been here, but had been here since World War I. It was just part of the order of things. The boy gets up while the boy pointed and启动ed the Karma diggerous for scaling.

"The boy is still speaking," snapped me of the Karma, who did not care about that this was the way speaking peace worked in McGaffey Township.

The boy shuffled a little. "It's like," he explained, "and many of these people have to be up first thing in the morning. Few things in the morning the township moved had already started the festival.

It is a grey, drizzly, apple-bottoming and already a few balding, slightly blemished, waiting to get into Toronto's Variety scene for the first rock festival of 1970. They are mostly hand kids, and the hill is mostly hand groups. In the

sun they will sit on the wooden floor. The atmosphere could hardly be called festive, but that's the way it is in Woodstock, Ontario in 1970. The music is blaring, the drugs are harder and the colors faded.

In mid-May, John Brewer announced that Karma had purchased 1,000 acres on the Muskoka-Haliburton side and signed an agreement with the council of Cardwell Township that would permit a "music festival" festival — in August. But once again Brewer had reckoned on the unpredictable opposition of the provincial police. After senior OPP officers put a quiet end to the area, Cardwell council began to have second thoughts. Brewer was a temporary regeneration preventing the council from knowing the festival, but it looked as though another Parkhill was in the making.

Everywhere, it seems, the live generation is coming down. In the middle class, Toronto's slouchy Don Mills, once famous for having trying to organize a more sensible society of parents, schools, churches, for arts. The kids had been getting searched and roughed up by the local police. Increasing numbers of stores and restaurants were closing their doors to teenagers. Some kids these days sit at a standstill, and it was not yet summer. The police had begun about the internet, but it was the kids who had forged it. "It's like like I wouldn't even bother to go."

A friend from Vancouver told me of a conversation with a Heywood. He knew girls who were pregnant, he had friends in jail, friends in cocaine on heroin, or speed. You know it's really being a kill these days," he said. □



When An Intrepid Torontonian Crashed The Wild Falling-Down Rite' Of Honduras...

... and watched a man being 'moshed quite flat' after drinking too much Tiger Claw. Our adventurer expected to see exotic sights when he set out on a 2,200-mile bicycle trip through Central America. But he never anticipated anything as excessive as the big dance at Yo Creek in the depths of British Honduras

BY PETER STOLLERY



The nosecone was covered with purple morning glories. The windows were still shiny. It was not yet nine o'clock, but already the heat from the sun was beginning. In his dark t-shirt and green shorts, I turned left at a crossroads and began cycling left past four laboratories to the frontier at Río Hondo, Aguirre. I had a plan for crossing from Mexico to British Honduras and I was nervous and I wanted to see if my plan would work.

For a couple of moments two Mayan boys rode along on each side of me and asked me questions. How far had I come? Canada? Where is Canada? Four thousand kilometers on a bicycle? Oh boy! They moved away to tell their friends.

Now I reached the bridge. The green, white and blue Mexican flag stuck out from a wooden building on the left. That would be Monterrey and Coahuila. The bridge itself was made of new steel girders painted bright orange. Rising from such subtropical surroundings

made it look like a huge harpoon machine that someone had lost. It was a big bridge. The arms were painted grey. I could see the arrow to the British Honduras Police Post because of the height of the year. It seemed like yesterday I completed the bridge for a man that was only 100 yards away. They called the river the Río Hondo and it flowed down from the hills of Guatemala.

Bank of Mexico, the capital of Yucatán, had been told by several people who had been to British Honduras that to enter the colony they were required to show \$150 U.S. or an onward airfare ticket. No buses were allowed in British Honduras. I had only four United States one dollar bills and about 30 Mexican pesos in my pocket. Some money was to meet me in Belize, the capital of British Honduras. If I failed to get across the border, my money would be in Belize and I would be in Mexico and in a lot of trouble.

Chetumal is the last town in that part of Mexico I spent two days there. I had a haircut so that I would look neat and not be taken for a hippie at the frontier. I paid a woman to do my laundry. Aldana Husley once wrote, 'If the world had any ends, British Honduras would easily be one of them.' So would Chetumal. During the night of September 27-28, 1955, the town of Chetumal, with a population of 2,500 people, was overtaken by Hurricane June. Four fatalities were left standing. The cameraman on the television network had collapsed after a reported winds of 175 miles an hour. Old Chetumal just got up and blew away.

I looked really neat that morning as I cycled the 12 kilometers to the border crossing on the Río Hondo. My hat was my greatest possession; it was a beautiful wide-brimmed sombrero. The old-fashioned road with the edge along the top and an expensive-looking black ribbon. It made me look a bit like Charlie Chaplin. My white shorts sparkled in the sunlight, as did my white Yucatan shirt I packed slowly so I would not sweat.

Officials wearing green uniforms and peaked and flat drivers from Chetumal in shiny white shirts sat around at the Mexican side of the bridge. One of the officials directed me to a cobblestone area on the side of the building. I headed my bicycle to a small stone table and sat. He removed my white sombrero and stamped Schatz page 16 beside an old French stamp. I took my food preparations for the crossing by digging my camera and light meter out of my saddlebags and hanging them around my neck. My plan was to look as much as possible like a wealthy backpacker who went in for bicycling. I remembered years ago reading about a fellow who escaped from Devil's Island and made his way through Central America disguised as a butterfly collector. He had thought at the time that it was a very good idea. On the back of my bike I carried my orange nylon hammock rolled up, a mosquito net and two long wooden poles for the net. My bags were held by the same elastic straps that held my bicycle together.

The two drivers and officials worked a good look and said that it was 150 kilometers to Belize. I took the narrow strap off my head book so that no one could tell it was for birds of Eastern North America and I took my bicycle and walked on to the bridge.

About 100 yards from the other end of the bridge was a dirt packing lot and a plain wooden building. Inside it was wide and with a door at each end. Not a person was in sight. A long Union Jack hung like a rag from a pole painted white. Beside the entrance into the parking lot was a large sign that said to import to Immigration and Customs and to drive on the right in British Honduras. The sign was in English and Spanish.

Before, a broken asphalt road led off to the south through bush and hot dry trees. Everything looked dusty and forgotten.

It is best to assume that some clever person is trying to catch you. I wouldn't tell if that clever person, knowing that I didn't have any money, was watching me by a window in the wooden building. To be safe, I flipped open my bird book and I found a map of the area. I went through a brief performance of shaking my head and, with some different bending of the hanging camera and light meter. I got on my bike and coasted down the flat side of the bridge and along to the wooden building. There was a moment when I considered quietly holding down the road, because if I didn't get through I was going to have to do it at night when it would be a lot harder.

I went into the building. No driver man tried to rip me off. Half a dozen police and Customs men worked behind a counter that ran the length of the room. I couldn't imagine what the men worked at in such an out-of-the-way place, but a typewriter was working and papers rained. The men ranged in color from beige to black and were dressed in several kinds of uniforms from dark tights and shiny long trousers to white shorts and dark shirts in the British tradition.

The forensics man, a young black chap, gave me a card to fill in. I immediately sat him when I might see a terrorist. He looked at me kind of funny and said, 'What's a terrorist?' His eyes opened a little wider.

'Why, a terrorist is one of those black birds with a big, long, forty-looking bill. You know, looks like a Z. All tall and tall. I watch birds. Very interesting hobby.' I laid my Purina bird on the counter so I wouldn't look so much like Charlie Chaplin and quickly flipped some pages in my bird book to the pretense would show. 'That is why I ride a bicycle. You can see better.'

After a few moments the Immigration man spoke. He scratches his head. 'I have seen birds like that. You see them in the high forest back in Belize. Orange Walk. Do you go to all these places looking at birds?' He looked across my passport, made up of three passes tied together. He started to get interested and that was fine. The Customs men said to be careful with my bike in Belize as they would nail it 'Beach of them, man.' He advised me to stay at the Belgrave Hotel. Then it was over and I was in British Honduras for sure.

The students were very short now. The sky was orange while and, very shortly the country would stoplight. I pulled my Purina bird down over my eye and ran it off down the broken road through the bush, which after a mile became fields of sugar cane. The first plantation had 102 to Belize.

My mosquito net dropped off as I breasted through Cenral, a small, boy town of white frame cottages and vacant lots. I changed my pens in Barclays Bank and had a Coke for 13 cents in a rain-shaken saloon. The rate of exchange was \$1.00 U.S. to \$1.20 B.H. Central was almost completely destroyed in 1955 by Hurricane Janet that blew across Central America. I was the last one left and that was the end of it.

After Central, the road was terrible

and I had to push my bike.

It was 10 miles from the bridge to Central and 30 miles from Central to Orange Walk Town. For nearly the whole distance I traveled between castles. There were no villages. Some are occasional collections of wooden cottages with a small store distinguishable from the cottages only by a Pepsi-Cola or Coca-Cola sign tucked up near the door. It was little forest in jungle. Some of the few people I saw were Creole, some were Mestizo, the Spanish-American Mestizo, a mixed race of Spanish whites and American Indians that makes up a large part of the Central American population.

On I went. The day was really awful. And now there was traffic. Whereas I heard a motor I had to decide very quickly which way the house or saloon or gas station was. I would ride a horse, push, pull down my hat even more, take my cap off into my shoulder and hope that I had picked the right side so the insect blow away from me. Then the insect would reappear just after as many as those in a few, waving white dust in a cloud that settled everywhere. Long brown sticks of sugar cane spindled from the overflooded fields and littered the way. On the truck down signs were painted: WORK, WORK AND MORE WORK AND NEVER TAKE A WEEK — NO REST FOR THE WORKED. The casefiles, the bushes, the trucks, all had turned the same powder-white color as the road. Insect reflected from every angle and the 30 degrees hotter than what was probably 85 degrees. I gradually reached the 100 degree mark and became white, turned and calcined. My Purina had gummy marks from my fingers. Now there were no fingers. The sky was white.

After more struggling and great discouragement I came in rated present. On my 20th was a small park that looked like a field, except that someone had planted a small banana sapling and the plaster statue of a woman used on a ruined house. There was no happy family life and most streets that went down a slope to the left. Large spreading bushes that shaded many of the thatched houses were full of predators using the bushes. First and making a noisy hue. This was Orange Walk Town. There was not an orange tree in sight.

Three teenage Creole boys doctored

rambling, two-story, wooden structure standing mostly flush to the main road on the right. An electric handcart's been set over the door.

Two or three local men sat on a bench in front of the hotel. I watched as a Mancunio boy with reddish skin and pale-bluish hair hawked presents at five pesos for a small brown-paper bagful. You could have bought the peasant cheaper in the United States. The boy was dressed in blue denim overalls that made him look very hot, and he was extremely lithe. He spoke a ragged mixture of German, Spanish and a few words of English. I knew that about 1,000 Mancunios came from northern Mexico in 1957 and that they formed one community at Blue Creek in Orange Walk District and one on the upper Belize River.

I locked my bicycle and stood so I could watch the rear wheel through the open door of the Miramar Hotel Restaurant. I decided that I was not going to pedal another foot that day. I would spend Saturday night in Orange Walk Town at the Miramar Hotel.

The jukebox in the alcove played, *As Bells Control Square 15 West You*. Three or four ladies were drinking and they played the same song all day as loud as the machine would play. On the wall in the alcove was a card which reads, PLEASE DON'T SHOOT THE DRUMMER IN THE NIGHT. A singer who was partly buried in the cash register.

All Foreigner who have Guatemala
Bell for 1968 with Mexican
Restaurant Prop. please write by
15th Feb. or their Names will be
Printed Outside.

Half-leaning at the restaurant counter stood a young, bloodthirsty man, drinking bottled beer. His name, Dennis, with him was a name who looked full-blooded Mayan, but a hideous streak from under his arm and was clearly drunk. I found out later that he was an insurance adjuster from Belize.

I rented a room from the Miramar Restaurant Prop. I would eat here a totally tea room. His name was Ben. His losses were great, and he was like. Even his glasses had been frames. He looked over the lot of them as he mused over a room upstairs.

He told me, "You would be perfect in the eight-dollar room. That is where I would like to see you because it would somehow fit. Unfortunately, Mr. Goldman has it for two nights this weekend and he arrives this afternoon. Mr. Goldman is our Leader of the Opposition. The Prop. I bought him his white lake shirt. I used to sleep with his party and he always stays here when he comes to make a speechifying the three-dollar room."

I paid \$10 B.H. after changing my money. There were three-dollar and five-dollar rooms. I asked what the difference was and if there were exceptions.

"The difference? Why, sir, simply a question of taste. Americans. Comfort. You get what you pay for. We all know that." He said it with a sullen face. "Our rooms have servants."

My three-dollar room was no longer than seven feet long and five feet wide. I had to take off my clothes to the hilt. I wanted to take off my clothes to the hilt. A piece of queen-size plywood separated me from a Guyanese sugar estate. On the other side of the wall, I had heard a woman's voice. We were all part of the same room because the plywood which only went up eight feet in *Belize Central Square 15 West You* came up under the floor.

I had a shower. From the bathroom window I could see a big sign on the Church of God. REDEMPTION AND LOVE REBORN. WE WENT THIS MORNING. Beside the Church of God was the Mancunio House. On the other side was two finished cottages. A beautiful Creole girl worked in one of the kitchens and then came outside to feed the chickens. She was up and out of breath. I was watching her and thought of what I was thinking that British Honduras was just the place for me.

That afternoon I was taking my sauna and sunbathing in an Eighth Choclate bar when most of the more ugly-looking characters walked in the door. They ordered beer and eggs. They were there already, all in teams of pairs. PLEASE DON'T SHOOT THE DRUMMER IN THE NIGHT. A singer who was partly buried in the cash register.

The blonde-haired man slid into a chair opposite me. "Tiger hotel," he whispered. "They come from a camp back in the Rio San Jose. Those fellows pay a lot of money, man, to shoot a tiger. That's big business."

"Many tiger-wound here?" I asked. "Oh, yes, man. Lots of 'em' way back in. They don't come out much on the road. But around Cayo and Peat Ridge they've got lion and not tiger, man, and you want to be careful. Don't ride around there on a bike without a gun. Those red tigers are mean man."

Red tiger. Again. That's really something. I had bicycled 200 kilometers from Mexico to Yucatan where there was nothing bigger than tomatoes. across the Rio San Jose Central American jaguar and jaguar country. The bloodstained man bought me a beer and told me about the disease.

"Man, there's big jaguars at Yo Creek tonight, man. They've bought up a house from Belize. The settlement pays, man. You got to pay about three dollars, but only if you dance. You don't pay if you don't dance. There's a bar and drinks are cheap, man. There's been a strike at the sugar factory here in Orange Walk and it was just over Thursday

most of us only got two days' pay. Nobody's got any money."

Yo Creek was six miles west. Some how I felt that a dance would be a very good idea for a Saturday night, just what I needed after a rough day.

"Don't hurry home, man. It doesn't start before 10 o'clock and they'll be gone, singing till three or four in the morning."

After sunburn I just sat my long trousers and went for a double rum at the Paradise Beer Parlor. As I strolled through the warm evening I smelled mosquitoes through the open window and the Valentine, who was there, said she might over the counter by the juke, Orange Walk Town had nearly come to life. Jukeboxes and radios blared from every house and saloon that spanned the fringes was in the air, where doors and windows are wide and part of the street and everyone is more natural and unassuming. Soona I was whistling *As Bells Control Square 15 West You* come up under the floor.

Loud shouts. There was a fight in the Tropical Club and men showed to get out the door. That was the kind of action that I liked. I joined a large crowd gathered in the street in front of the Club. Fighting and shouting sounds came from the second floor which was called the Golden Dome Hall. There was a permit serving. With many other men I dashed up a set of stairs and along a ledge to watch through the open window. On the floor two small Japanese women were having a wrestling match. They had been brought especially from Mexico. When a Creole

Scot, Ben, won the first fight. Only the skinny people were there because they had not been in strike and could afford the tickets. An East Indian man in the front row stood up suddenly and grabbed his hands when one of the small women jumped on the other one. We fellows on the outside hanging on the ledge were laughing very hard.

I brought three perfumed oranges in front of the Golden Dome, which was showing a Spanish film, *Profundamente de Tambor*. It was nearly 10 o'clock. I thought that I would go to the dance and walked up in the traffic circle. Half a dozen young men stopped standing looking for a lift. One said out, "The bus is gone, man. And I think it is gone" to make one trip. You have to see if you can get a lift. They are taking five passengers at 50 cents each and no one can afford that, man. We've been on under Seventy-five cents — why it is only six miles, man."

I set down and waited for something to happen. I waited with a man who was called George. He and he was Mayan. He told me first mostly all Indians would be at the dance. "We don't like Creoles much, man. They live the good life in the town and get all the best women

We live in the bush and do the hard work. Me, I'm from Yo Creek but now I am working at the sugar factory. Let's go, man."

A big green truck pulled up in the corner and stopped. We all ran for it. "Twenty-five cents," George yelled. About 10 men and women of all ages already sat on planks that had been set up in the back. We jumped aboard. Off went the truck and we all cracked our heads and covered our noses and mouths from the dust. Halfway to Yo Creek the driver stopped and we paid out 25 cents each. A little further on was a man with a sign which said, "I have a boat 75 cents each." As we went by them we whistled and waved and told them what suckers they were. After a while we arrived at a large area of lights in the darkness. People screamed to the area from trucks but had brought these from all over Orange Walk District. We parked with the truck and joined the happy crowd.

I could see no village in the darkness. The source of attraction was a large, open dance floor where couples moved about under a palm roof supported by logs. The same band from Belize played a soft, Spanish-American beat from a raised platform at the back. They were Creoles and there were another half dozen Creoles in the crowd. They were the only ones who could dance very well. George explained that these Creoles were local people and that was all right. The rest of the crowd was Yucatecan, Mayan and Mexican. No body spoke English. You could see everyone dancing the West Indian, the tango, in tuxedos and sport slacks, and the women in dresses, one long to be in style. The language was a mixture of Mayan, Spanish and English.

The bus was up and a great crowd of men was pushing around trying to get at the drinks. Beside the bar was a small track engine that throbbed and provided electricity for the lights. Probably 500 people stood around in the 50 yards between dance floor and bar. Two smartly dressed police constables stood and watched that things did not get too far out of hand. Long leather switches stuck from their pockets. They carried no firearms.

George introduced me to his older brother, Ben. Little Indian man in his 30s who used to be the chief collector of garnet. A part-time job mostly of the men around Yo Creek collected about the hills, which breed that growth wild in the deeper parts of the forest. The three of us went to the bar. For 10 cents you bought a shot of what they called white tiger beer. It was 90% alcohol, the strongest drink. I never smoked in my life, so strong that when I gulped the forces from the paper cup it hit my lungs like scalding water. My head jerked back uncontrollably and my eyes switched.

I drank about 10 shots of tiger beer before I found out that I was buying it the expensive way. The best way was to buy a small eight-ounce bottle, called a shop, for 40 cents. That was the way to get completely blasted for less than one dollar.

Everybody was there. I saw the blonde, Peter. He was with the Mayan insurance adjuster who had received and was now getting drunk again. Most of us did not afford the dance, so we stood around. By now it was dark in the跳舞 room, which was built over the ground. I had never seen anything like it. People got drunk. Sometimes a man would let out a sharp cry as though he had been shot and fall to the ground. His friend would run over and drag him to a safe place. It got so bad that you had to be very careful you did not step on somebody.

The really impressive performance happened after two o'clock.

I was spinning a lot in time blowing my nose, which was running from the dust. A chap said to me, "You're sick, man. That's what you need now. That can." We stood by the dance-floor right and waited for a moment.

But then a lone cry, by, moving slowly through the crowd. Leaning against a parked car was an Indian man. He was drunk and his head had fallen forward, so that he looked at his feet through glazed eyes. His feet were sticking out of the pants of the parka he was wearing. One foot was a little further out than the other. The man's driver had on the hat and the pants shod, but not enough. The taxi went by. The man stood leaning against the car. So the Soledad's other store owner, he let out a terrible scream. Everybody turned around. He was pointing at his foot. "I been moshed, man," he cried in a voice of horror. "I been moshed, man." Sure enough, the trend macka ran right over his shoe and his foot had been squashed flat like in our mother terrific scream and his friend came over and looked at his feet. In fact, we all looked at it with interest and I heard people saying to other people, "He's been moshed, man." He's been moshed quite far. One police constable came over, took a look at the man and said, "You are an ass, man. That's what you are. You were too drunk to move, man." The constable walked away. New people thought it was funny. Finally, his friend told him by one arm and he stopped gradually.

At half-past three I took the bus back to George Walk. Severe fellow got mad in our house and head kept falling on to his shoulder. There were drunks lying on the road all over town. I climbed over two lying in the doorway of the Miramar and went up to bed. It had been a long day but I was happy because now I had a hating of the country.

"I was warned. "Don't ride around on a bike without a gun, man. Those red tigers are mean." Red tiger. Jaguar. I had bicycled 500 kilometers from Merala in Yucatan where there was nothing bigger than iguanas, into Central American jungles and jaguar country."





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AT YOUR SERVICE: MEDICINE

How can you tell if your child is on drugs?

BY M. L. CHARLOTTE

IT'S A DARK SET that is every Canadian parent's nightmare: that your child is using marijuana, and that your house is just used it. If a current campaign to have Ottawa remove marijuana from the Criminal Code's dangerous substances list is successful, it will mean teenagers won't face jail or get fined simply for possessing "pot"—but that won't end the fear that humans and paroxysms of non-smokers in my child are permeating with drugs?

There are ways to tell. The main signs to look for are sudden and inexplicable up and down in mood, coupled with changes in daily habits and, perhaps, a nose dive in school marks.

Marijuana, while not a narcotic, is a rate hallucinogen. It produces relaxation and greater awareness when used, but also mood swings, depression and "Munchies" (overeating). If your son or daughter is anxious, has a rapid pulse, reddened eyes and a nervous appetite, then marijuana could be the cause. If marijuana is being smoked at home, you'll notice a distinctive smell similar to herbal tobacco or aromatic lighting incense.

The notorious, and dangerous more sedative, mood-elevating drugs such as the amphetamines ("speed," "methyl" or "party") increase breathing and pulse rate, dilate the pupils and produce a talkative, restless exuberance. In spite of this great sense of energy there may be no desire to eat. A large dose makes the user suffer from hallucinations, delusions and bizarre behaviour. The effects last for three or four hours. The user may take dose after dose, then sleep for hours when it's all over. After that, usually one for severe depression.

In small doses, the hallucinogens such as phenothiazine (Lorazepam is one trade name) and scopolamine (Scopol's) relax the user. Larger doses produce an apathetic inactivity. Extreme doses produce deep sleep or tremendous excitement and hallucinations.

Tryptamines—as many adults know—create a feeling of well-being but bring down brain function, causing lethargy and an inability to concentrate.

The major hallucinogens, such as

LSD, are the most unpredictable. The effect of LSD depends on its purity and strength. Symptoms might range from the docile state of a good trip to the agonizing, horrific trip to hell. You'll never forget the result of a bad trip once you use it. The user suffers tremors, nausea, high blood pressure, racing pulse and high tension and dilated pupils. All this is topped by bizarre terror.

For years, experts were the popular drug of choice, with symptoms of pinpoint pupils, constipation and lethargy. These exclude apathy, shyness and euphoria, inebriation and hallucination. An intense, intense, user passes a stupor. With very large doses the skin becomes cold and clammy, and breathing is shallow.

Apart from glue and solvents, produce euphoria and light-headedness when the fumes are inhaled. You should be more aware of these symptoms combined with a frantic search on hands, face or clothes. The user may have red, watery eyes and a running nose. Muscular control is affected and the child may become alternately anxious and aggressive.

What if you suspect your son or daughter is fooling around with drugs? In a level-headed new book, *Drugs And The Law*, Regional Whitelaw says bluntly: "Nobody has yet demonstrated that police, judges and prison wardens are better qualified to solve medical problems than medical doctors." And drug addiction, he argues, is a medical problem.

So first consult your physician. He may refer you to your provincial agency dealing with addiction. If you don't have a physician, phone or write your provincial agency director (see box).

Whitelaw's book implies that it may not be a good idea to call the police if you are worried about a child taking drugs. The police, he says, have caught up in a tangle of moral judgment and law enforcement in areas that are essentially medical. Who has the young turned to drugs? According to one Canadian authority, it's not just the possibility that children are becoming addicts that worries most parents. It's also the belief that kids haven't earned the right to get high on anything.

Dr. Gérard Rus-Graat held a recent meeting of the Ontario Medical Association that a father once beaten his son for competing a teenagers' pot party to an adult cocktail party. Said the angry parent, "We have worked hard, we have spent time and training. We therefore have the right to enjoy ourselves and to relax. These adolescents have no rights, they haven't earned their way."

Dr. Rus-Graat, professor of child psychiatry at the University of Toronto, says, "I presume the message was that adolescents have the right to behavior in a fashion that is not less or no more ridiculous than the adults on whom they model themselves."

Regional Whitelaw takes much the same view. He tells adults to say as often, "Look kids, we all have problems... Some of you smoke pot, or drop acid, or sniff glue, or chew Morning Glory seeds... We drink."

"Your pot and our booze are escapes. But they can become the main problem if we let them... you can end up as wasted and dying speed freaks or as stuporous, languid potheads we can end up as droning alcoholics or neurotic smokers. Why don't we get together pronto?"

If they do get together, says Whitelaw, "we can find out why the kids do what adults might. Many of the reasons why they feel kids..."

"But don't hold your breath until it happens," he warns. □

If You Need Help, Call... .

DRUG ABUSE: Provincial Director of Action Committee (SAC) Region III, Whitelaw E. MEDICAL: Addiction Services, Ontario Department of Health, 100 Grosvenor St., Toronto. SUBSTANCES: The Alcohol and Drug Foundation of Ontario, 100 Grosvenor St., Toronto, 204-5661. MARIJUANA: The Marijuana Foundation of Ontario, 100 Grosvenor St., Toronto. SUBSTANCES: Ontario Education Ministry (OEM), 200 Queen St., Toronto, 592-2660. PROBLEMS: Ontario Ministry of Health, 200 Queen St., Toronto, 592-2660.

DRUGS: Provincial and Territorial Directors of Health, 200 Queen St., Ottawa. DRUG ADDICTION: 505 Queen St., Ottawa. NEW ADDICTION: Mental Health Commission of Canada, 100 Queen St., Ottawa. DRUG ADDICTION: Mental Health Commission of Canada, 100 Queen St., Ottawa. DRUG ADDICTION: Mental Health Commission of Canada, 100 Queen St., Ottawa. DRUG ADDICTION: Mental Health Commission of Canada, 100 Queen St., Ottawa.

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■ Funeral directors affiliated with NSM believe that informed funeral consumers should decisions they want people to know what to look for and expect in seeking responsible funeral services.

They want you to have a thorough understanding of their responsibilities, pricing, options, facilities and services. Funeral consumers are not "softies." Consumers react differently when they are faced with grief. The food choices are an example. Governmental crack down hard during inflationary times, and companies are boasting an example of this.

Lithium Companies A shares this year were selling below seven dollars. December Stores stock was below \$15. Steinberg's under \$15, too. As a group, these stocks were well below levels in the mid-1960s and similar to prices of the early part of the decade.

The heavily regulated utilities are much the same. Bell Telephone, BC Phone and Calgary Power hasn't had much to offer long-term investors in the past decade.

Ask yourself these questions: Is the public in the habit of considering about the economy every year? Is it a voluntary, that government is inclined to intervene in pricing and other decisions? Does government exert on tariffs, sub-subsidy laws and similar items have special influence? Is the business solid, mature and a little dull?

If the answers to any or all are strongly affirmative, beware of the stock unless there are other reasons for buying it. All such shares now have wide short-term swings in which profit can be made, but few are likely to prove buoyant long-term investments.

Does this sound like advice to avoid many of the industries and companies most essential to Canada? It is. The fact is that there are likely to be more profits in investing in industries regarded as less essential. Things such as covariance, covariance,

advanced electronics, unusual service industries and even oil and mine exploration are likely to offer the really big capital gains.

Consider Alitrix Paper, one of the world's big companies in its field. For years it did its big job of turning out pulp and paper, and the stock, owing between seven dollars and \$15 with no evidence of a long-term rise. Then, in 1968, reports began to come in of a possible new market in paper. Alitrix would have a 40% interest. The stock promptly began to work its way higher.

Shares in Canadian makers of business forms have been a good investment over the past 10 years. You might easily have bought stock of Moore Corporation, which makes forms, for the equivalent of \$10 in the early 1960s or two dollars in the late 1960s. By year's end it was well over \$20.

It is not quite as simple as making to buy into a basic industry and always investing in something new and/or not visible to consumers and government.

Many companies are in trouble of the two — a situation that changes as management arrives to put an upward and positive spin on its operations. And the degree of "blessing" or public visibility is always shifting — as industries, sectors or public attitudes change. For example, copper producers this year were subjected to stiff government controls on their domestic price and supply. This caused some investors to take a new and skeptical look at some of the copper stocks.

It's not unusual today to try to graft something existing industrial on to a basic-industry operation. Steinberg's goes into discount department stores and into the clothing and food sectors. It is also involved in publishing, Imperial Oil gets into oil exploration and the like — about business.

A new idea or product is as good as a guarantee of stock-market profits. It may encourage a flood of new entries into the particular industry as with discount department stores during the 1960s or computer-services companies more recently. The winning stocks in this area usually represent companies that often some demonstration before of exclusive ownership of a patent, a process, a highly regarded trade name or reputation.

The moral is that long-term investors stay away from essential or basic industries unless they find special reasons for investment. And even then they should watch their investment carefully to see that the special reasons are valid and the company doesn't descend to the routine production of the same old things.



Write or call NSM or its affiliate in your city for a copy of the Code of Good Funeral Practice. For information:

Consumer Information Bureau,
NATIONAL SELECTED MORTICANES,
6616 Central Street, Evanston, Illinois

AT YOUR SERVICE MONEY

The 'essentials' are the stocks you can do without!

THE "BASIC INVESTOR" fallacy has probably caused more stock market disappointments for both big and little investors than any other illusion. Be wary when you hear phrases such as "It's basic to the country's health."

Every one has to buy food (or steel or anything else) — We could never do without it.

You can't count on buying a solid list of Canada, staying with it over the years and making a comfortable profit in the stock. You are at every study to end up in a dull stock with very little capital gain in it.

Why? Because "basic" industries and companies are not "softies." Consumers react differently when they are faced with grief. The food choices are an example. Governmental crack down hard during inflationary times, and companies are boasting an example of this.

Lithium Companies A shares this year were selling below seven dollars. December Stores stock was below \$15. Steinberg's under \$15, too. As a group, these stocks were well below levels in the mid-1960s and similar to prices of the early part of the decade.

The heavily regulated utilities are much the same. Bell Telephone, BC Phone and Calgary Power hasn't had much to offer long-term investors in the past decade.

Ask yourself these questions: Is the public in the habit of considering about the economy every year? Is it a voluntary, that government is inclined to intervene in pricing and other decisions? Does government exert on tariffs, sub-subsidy laws and similar items have special influence? Is the business solid, mature and a little dull?

If the answers to any or all are strongly affirmative, beware of the stock unless there are other reasons for buying it. All such shares now have wide short-term swings in which profit can be made, but few are likely to prove buoyant long-term investments.

Does this sound like advice to avoid many of the industries and companies most essential to Canada? It is. The fact is that there are likely to be more profits in investing in industries regarded as less essential. Things such as covariance, covariance,

Bilingual Crossword For Non-Bilingual People: No. 3

BY BELLE HAMILTON

Entertainment

1. Jeudi soir pour "Starstruck" (une émission, comme un — nom Canadien) (6lettres) (5)

4. Part du métro (4)

8. Terme de poker (4)

12. Une des Géants (3)

13. Revue des pôles de théâtre au des îles, par Nel Sonnen (4)

14. Client d'un métro (4)

15. M. Défenseur — le Canada de 1967 à 1968 (2)

16. Ce que les femmes aiment coûter (4)

17. Cartes pour les bâches de la Lot (4)

18. Une commerçante interprète par Fried (4)

20. Voile sans matelas (4)

22. Contrat pour préparer ou vendre (4)

24. "A chaque fois nous venons —" (Star March) (5)

25. Fente (4)

31. Trape d'émissaire (4)

34. Femelle du lèche (4)

35. Confit (4)

36. Mot confondu (3)

37. Mère aux yeux (4)

38. Barron Raage de "Snoopy" (3)

39. Exploit (4)

40. Temps nécessaire (4)

41. Grosse chèvre grise (4)

43. Oiseau dans un tableau noir vert (Edward Lear) (5)

45. Ithomine (4)

46. "Ainsi, je déclame," par Edgar Allan Poe (4)

49. Un peu grave (4)

53. Irlande (4)

57. Chauve-souris de la toiture (4)

59. Ses fers (4)

60. Premier nom du déesse créée par Odysseus (4)

62. Ne pas illustrer (4)

64. Technique de projection cinématographique (4)

68. Prêtre borgne (3)

72. Aérobie (4)

78. Vérité VIII en un mélange (4)

82. Ancienne adjointe. Anne (4)

84. De — selon ses



2. Véritable comme vrai (4)

3. En mer (4)

37. Mère de Cain (4)

38. Changer ou déclarer (4)

39. "Les deux (CH)iliens" (4)

40. République indépendante (4)

42. De ça (4)

44. "Mère — sont les noms d'Asklépios?" (François Villon) (5)

46. Rochers de corail (4)

47. Cendrillon principale (4)

49. En sus (4)

50. Etoile du droit (4)

51. Gres volume (4)

53. Cause de l'insouciance (4)

57. Petit enfant (Gull) (3)

60. Caducée assis avec le serpent de Loup (4)

64. "Le" (4)

8. Capacité (Hart Shire)

32. En mer (4)

33. Changer ou déclarer (4)

37. "Les deux (CH)iliens" (4)

39. République indépendante (4)

42. De ça (4)

44. "Mère — sont les noms d'Asklépios?" (François Villon) (5)

46. Rochers de corail (4)

47. Cendrillon principale (4)

49. En sus (4)

50. Etoile du droit (4)

51. Gres volume (4)

53. Cause de l'insouciance (4)

57. Petit enfant (Gull) (3)

60. Caducée assis avec le serpent de Loup (4)

ANSWER: AEROSTIC NO. 3
(PARLEY) MURAT

The Sun News Publisher

"Sun took three steps out of the safety path, then paid an added price, the cost of a guided tour of red lines, and his last went and had to turn him around. Cost and time of his return were less than half what it had cost him in their previous attempt to help him up — they showed him overland."

DIRECTIONS: The clues are in French. If you fit the answers in English, the French is easy — what you remember of your highschool French should catch the easiest clue. Bilingual Crossword will appear every other month, alternating with Crossword's Toughie. Answer to this puzzle above will appear next month.

Isn't there an easier way to earn my Canadian Club?



No.

A reward for men. A delight for women. Smooth as the wind. Mellow as sunshine. Friendly as laughter. The whisky that's bold enough to be lighter than them all.



The Entertainment Of Tomorrow Is All On This Man's Wall

BY JON RUDDY

BY JON RUDOLPH

Consequently, around Gordon's Wall, there is a crush in the living room of his Waterloo, Ontario, bungalow — a \$15,000 bank of advanced audio-video equipment where heart is a McIntosh preamplifier and white brain is a unique four-switch, the latter controlled — so far — by Gordon himself. The Wall is one of a kind, a prototype. Well all have something like it: a 10-year or well-floundered around trying to keep up in the flood of information. Or will drop out with the successors to the busses.

Such are the alternatives—in the modest view of Donald R. Gordon, at any rate. That overworked adjective “piggyback” might well have been conceived for him. A 46-year-old former Canadian Press and *Financial Post* reporter and CBC correspondent who now teaches a course in communications at

the University of Western Ontario, he's media-created to the extent that he scores 300 pro-objets and watches TV bowling from Butlin's (which he insists is more informative about the state of society than *The National*). Novel Gostin is also enthusiastic about the amateurish quality of commercials, and stressed the fact that, though he did with the *W*, on an installation in May, was to set it up to record all video tapes the *W* has clustered in heavy intervals in the TV schedule.

He built the *Wall* with his own money, partly to collect useful clearance material, keep up with developments in communications, and make types of professional quality (he's a free-lance producer and broadcaster). But primarily, he says, the *Wall's* "for the joy of living." Now he can selectively assemble

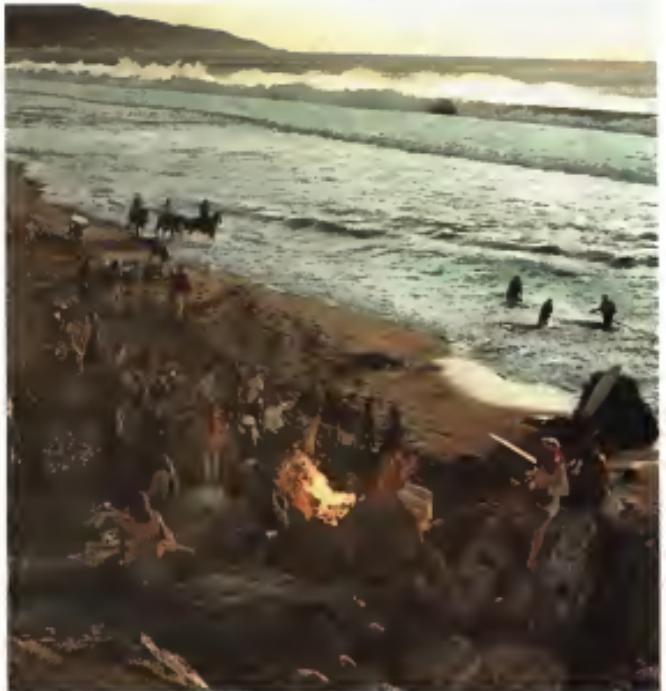
Here is Donald Gardner's own description of the major components of his living-room communication wall. It was typed for *Markman* by the WPA after a little more detail by Gardner's inserting a camera agenda down.

single-play. There are two table with a strobe light — to give you extra speed. The other one is a Dual changer that'll play up to six records — we got 10-speaker system at my desk in the basement. We've got a patch adjustment so that when I hang along on the bags off

And it's while other
systems do that in two
single source streams
other than the usual three
for you. And, I think, a
much better picture. It's an
end-to-end screen fit set up to
either a standard TV set
or a link to the video tape
recorder when you switch to

go a full-time or part-time
pianist. Everything
about the piano is
sogether now. The
tape playback system is
so simple to use. Then
you set the piano on the
pedestal and hear the sound
through your speakers,
which are built right in.
That's an interesting
experience with a full-time
pianist. Given you much
more time. The songs
are a show, and it is
true at the All-Film Room
they get all kinds of folks
there. The piano is
played with the sound
of the piano. The
pedal system has the
sound for each piano. When I
put on the full bell the floor
shakes. It's a 100-watt amp
and, you know, it's wild.

line position. And in addition with an color palette you have the capacity to do a lot of things, either programs up to 16 hours in length with the software that I recently have or a search point just the seven-day timer that has a two-ring tone.



The clear, cool taste of Bacardi rum mixes so well, it's hard to keep a Bacardi party small.

Try it tonight with cola, tonic, in a cocktail or on the rocks



GORDON continued

— and consume at his own convenience — information and entertainment streaming from more than 100 to 160 cable-TV channels, 80 FM stations and the numerous AM band. He can tape from his 20-year-old collection of 800 record albums with superb fidelity (or the sketchy accompaniment of his dog's barks and a friend's guitar). He can do several of these things at once. And the Wall is organic, growing. For example, video cassette players are entering the market. Gordon was asked to record in his studio. A set of *Kramer's Kabin* with 3,000 slides, he has deemed more useful additions to his suburban pleasure dome.

One of the Wall consists of three stereo tape recorders, two turntables, pre-amp and amplifier, AM-FM tuner, easier TV monitor, video tape recorder with color pic, two-stage seven day timer, central CATV in put and rotatable modular FM antenna. There are two big speakers and some microphones, and a plethora of fuses because, says Gordon, "I suspect the whole thing is liable to blow up any time. And the grand finale is a switch with a hook to it I can pull off everything. That is my ultimate goal, but it's a very My Philo system."

Apart from these speakers that could presumably send their way to the moon, the Wall's masculinity is more subtle than that of your *Weather Torso-Super Eight*. But its subtlety for sophistication is not. And in craftsmanship can only be surpassed. When I saw it, the Wall was taking a second home switch, so that radio and television could not be recorded simultaneously. Gordon explained how he'd use the complicated switch during a hypothetical work.

"At the moment we're prisoners of schedules. We have to be there when a program is on, or we miss it. Or we have to have somebody there to record it for us. With the combination of recording capability and live broadcast, the Wall will run itself off

second, then turn itself off, whether I'm here or not, over a six-day period. So I don't have to worry about scheduling any more. That means that on Friday night my family can watch the best of this week's television, except for live sports, and on Sunday afternoon we're going to listen to radio, except again for some live things where everything is based on immediacy and suspense."

"Let's say the two tape switches are on, I've thought the theme through. I then pull the radio tape switch — for instance, one of the things I tape every weekday morning is the *CBC-FM* newscast of *Breakfast at 7*. That would be mixed automatically. Then I'd go through *TV Guide* every week and do up what times that I wanted the video tape to go on every day — maybe for *Glenda's* series or *Citizen Kane*, some of the NET programs, *University of the Air* (I've done six of them myself and always have forgotten to watch). So that would be the home theme for the week."

During the morning I spent in Waterloo, Gordon screened a color video tape he'd made of a spread of NET programs, including *Mann Williams*. The screening prompted an amateur critique from a friend who noted that the images were too high on the other hand. Gordon had edited some extraneous continuity from the program. This led to the sobering thought that the major network's commercial interruptions would also be vulnerable to the home video tape art. I should be lucky to go get a stiff neck at home.

Then we got to talking about phase two of the Wall and its implications. A spin-off would be one of the Wall's three present functions is reserved for a computer console. Gordon: "Two years ago in the *Techno* speech it was pointed out that regional data banks were going to be established in sharp contrast

that's projected for Washington or, on a time-sharing basis, into a commercial computer capacity. The difference between having access and not having access is one of these data banks will be parametric — if you don't have it you'll read yourself blind talk to a million people and just get confused, or supply drop out, turn off. Then you could be manipulated by the people who did have access to the bank, the people who know what's going to happen."

An incredible profusion of information and services are now available to the do-it-yourself subscriber. And as the new data is mentioned for each item, it follows that a general sense of observation and imagination. Gordon's connoisseurship of Wall will gradually assume an even more active role than that of an appreciation of *Breakfast at 7*. "Just as a computer and version of the Canadian economy is used by the Department of Finance, a fairly sophisticated version of something will activate the viewing possibilities and apply intelligently to the new data," he says.

At this point I was curious to an unusual and edgy realization of Kubrick's apocalyptic prophecy, HAL, in the movie *2001*, whose futuristic function, that of ultimate opponent, pointed up the ominous threat to the people and machines. But Gordon finds that the Wall "delights" in末日 "by input, by arms, by participation and all the rest of it. Already I had myself talking to more people about more things. Your own capacity will grow to match the information flow. You'll tell your computer, in effect, 'Give me my hearing around 20 minutes or my more threatening 20 minutes.' And all the files in existence can be monitored, as the audio tape, all the television channels. And this will be the only way to keep on top of the information and explosives."

Donald R. Gordon uses the amateur handiwork of the Wall to



Michael J. Fox *Mon's* *Continued* *Small* (Buddin). Years ago, when puts were evil, *Mon's* was *Swinging Sheepish Blues*. And it was evil. When *Richard Kirk* took to playing it on the news set at *metc*, to do *Mon's* (now *rockabilly*) comes in. *Mon's* still follows that *guitar* line of *obsessive* and *intense*. *Gordon's* connoisseurship of Wall will gradually assume an even more active role than that of an appreciation of *Breakfast at 7*. "Just as a computer and version of the Canadian economy is used by the Department of Finance, a fairly sophisticated version of something will activate the viewing possibilities and apply intelligently to the new data," he says.

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Pat Rocco, *Picture Book*, *Bookends* & *AB First Jazz* (Kingsgate) *Repackaged* and "electronically enhanced" for store-shelf silicon was first issued in mass in 1958. And since during the Canadian winter and summer box art but disappeared underground, this LP has worn well with Raina on *flute*, she and baritone sax Harbuz sitting on piano, bassist Harold Halasz and drummer Bill McCullough still sounding sharp though time and there.

Diana Ross *Kind Of Soul* (RCA/Laser) It has been a long road for her, because she was black, she became TV's token soul singer. Because she was pretty, she did a poor turn with *maniacal* *Rob McCorven*'s big head. And because she is good, this LP just burns with all over charm. ☐

— PETER DODDARD

Ore what?

One morning, Mr. Smelting, 25 students and a rock are the only things in the world. And the rock you are ready to take in developing its potential. But in its undeveloped state it is no more useful than a paperweight. And it costs more. So...
Apply money and smelting.

Technology will turn the rock into gold. And the rock you are ready to take in developing its potential. But in its undeveloped state it is no more useful than a paperweight. And it costs more. So...
Apply money and smelting.

Finally Canadian smelting has been developed. And the rock you are ready to take in developing its potential. But in its undeveloped state it is no more useful than a paperweight. And it costs more. So...
Apply money and smelting.

Teach your students, a dramatic

noranda

smelting the rock — it's easy — it's a natural resource

Film in the high schools: toward a new kind of literacy

BY KASPARS DZEDEKUZ

What you sit in front of your TV set, writing. "These must be better shows than that," or when you leave a movie theatre groaning. "At least TV is free," consider that television is the wasteland of bad entertainment. And it's the most mindless entertainment you can give your children. Yes, the ones who spent all Saturday morning on their beanbag chairs watching cartoons, who talked for a week about that Woodstock Festival idiom.

What kids are members of the first generation of the first world without films or TV. They have none of the means even for the darkened preparation room, for the palpitating television image, that instantly creates live instant households around the country. And they have none of the lethargy or loss of the Americanization of our television, that your generation has so frequently expressed.

The schools are beginning to recognize that. In the Ontario Council for Film and Video, there is feasibility and commitment with Film Look at London, Ontario, where last October 28 students from grades 12 and 13 produced a feature documentary on shopping. *A Canadian King* was deemed good enough to broadcast on local television four times! And look again until September, one month before the film-making began, none of the 20 had held a movie camera, let alone handled the sound equipment, the lighting barn, or worked the editing machine that the amateur head of South Secondary School's English department, Fraser Box, obtained for them.

It was Box's personal love of film (he's been a film critic

in diverse part of art courses).

Ian Jones, Alberta's coordinator of visual education, reports that children in grades four and five are given colored felt pens, they make "psychedelic" films by drawing on the transparent celluloid of old films, free wheels the celluloid has been stripped. "Our aim is to promote that learning environment with visual literacy," Jones says. He recognizes any government's effort to assist looks to another's effort to pull film. "As some students, students are given the use of a videotape recorder as a research tool for social studies," he notes.

"It's worked out better than anyone predicted," says Box in the school's small film workshop. "I was told that the camera couldn't continue beyond the Christmas holidays — simply because the kids would systematically destroy the fragile equipment. In fact, the cameras, lenses, tape recorders, they're all handled like gold. Nothing has been broken. The enthusiasm is unbelievable that the kids can't wait every day — school days, Saturday. Sunday. They start shooting at dawn and finish at dusk. The kids haven't let me down at all."

Now, they're off to the Toronto Office of Government, which volunteered the \$1,000 the film makers needed for a *Canadian King*. But such enthusiasm has granted several film-making courses. Education's public library has been holding film-making sessions for 150 to 200 kids Saturday mornings. Next fall, the library will begin an organized course for intermediate students.

Alberta's department of education is investigating how film study could be included as a more thoroughly integrated in the curriculum, as both Calgary and Edmonton there are about a dozen schools using super 8 equipment, to partly dispense from public high school up to make films in

Listen to a couple of the students who worked on *A Canadian King*. Pat Flanagan, the 16's 17-year-old chief cameraman, says of Ian's course: "It's simply raised and lifted me for me — for ever — and those doubtful feelings shows as well. The students have no talent or imagination. They just zoom in and zoom out, over and over again." Ian, however, says Dene O'Donnell, another student, "I sat up in my seat and exclaimed, 'What a long day that was?' My friend looked at me as if I had said, but I have just grown and, in looking at what I see now, this course may have changed my life." A number of these students say they want to help build the Canadian film industry. Several already have feature scripts in their heads.

Of course, film education isn't going to produce instant award winners, or influence in the movie houses. But did teaching our government to read raise literacy standards and result in a revival of classical literature? Hardly. The film courses of today could raise the level of education a few notches. In a more personal level, the way an older generation's literacy added a few comprehensible books to the best-seller list.

Box also feels: "Several manufacturers are trying to sell super-8 mm. film as a good, economical way for kids to learn to make film. So you simply can't learn the technical terminology in the language of film. If you just get out to know the whole range of effects that 16 mm cameras, film and processing labs have to offer. A film is easier to edit, but there's no way you can learn to edit if you work with tiny, narrow super-8 film."

But in Edmonton, Ian Jones argues that "Super-8 is cheap enough to permit mass involvement. We'd rather see another's training (tool, equipment), than provide it on a just-for-a-few-prime-dollars basis."

The older generation remains generally uninterested. Courses used and are being planned, infrequently, by becoming established. (Fraser Box's total film opportunity for this year is \$60,000. But it is going to change the media for the better?)



A set of Crystal. The ultimate in good taste.

Walker's Crystal Gin and Crystal Vodka are the ultimate in good taste.

Walker's Crystal Gin is the one gin with flavor enough not to drown in the mix. Yet not so much bouquet as to overpower a tonic. Makes a deserved martini, too.

Walker's Crystal Vodka hasn't the slightest hint of aroma or taste. Perfect for guests who like their favorite mixer to come through.

People with good taste always seek out the ultimate Crystal Gin and Crystal Vodka.

Walker's Crystal Gin and Crystal Vodka.



Heublein Walker & Sons Limited, Walkerville, Canada

From men to brutes to fiends at My Lai 4: a tardy reconstruction

BY GORDON DONALDSON

"Some GIs were shooting and killing during the massacre," Carter recited. "The boys enjoyed it. When someone laughs and jokes about what they're doing, they have to be enjoying it."

IT WAS MARCH 15, 1988. Private Herbert Carter and Charles Company, First Battalion, Twentieth Infantry, was systematically exterminating all of his in the Vietnam news media called My Lai 4. One man, Carter, and children were herded together and mowed down in separate batches. Women had shielding their babies but the babies were shot or bayonetted just the same. Toddlers looking for their dead parents were killed on the streets. One was posing for a Army photographer who discharged shortly afterwards and showed signs of his. My Lai pictures to *ENTERTAINERS* in Cleveland. Seymour Hirsch, the 33-year-old former police reporter who did most to break the story in the United States, didn't hear about it until October 1969. Even when he had assembled the basic facts he couldn't interest any major U.S. publications in them. Now he has completed a six-month investigation, including interviews with 100 survivors of the My Lai massacre. He named one baby of My Lai's 700 souls, between 300-500 were murdered. The last were the young men. They had disappeared, presumably to join the Viet Cong, before Charlie Company arrived. By nightfall the VC were back in the height, conducting mass burial services. The U.S. Army claimed a victory. A North Vietnamese unit had been caught by a paroxysm movement and 125 Communist soldiers killed. General William Wernherland, Commander in Vietnam, sent "Comprised

to officers and men of C-1-125 [Charlie Company] for outstanding action."

It was 15 months before the real story reached the American public. The North Vietnamese had published it in France a month after the massacre. Hundreds of Americans in Vietnam knew about it. The division commander, Major-General Saseone Kosal, was in one of the 60 helicopters flying over the area the day an independent officer found a captured Vietnamese woman. The Army photographer was discharged shortly afterwards and showed signs of his. My Lai pictures to *ENTERTAINERS* in Cleveland. Seymour Hirsch, the 33-year-old former police reporter who did most to break the story in the United States, didn't hear about it until October 1969. Even when he had assembled the basic facts he couldn't interest any major U.S. publications in them. Now he has completed a six-month investigation, including interviews with 100 survivors of the My Lai massacre, and published a book that is for more than a couple hundred of an attorney like attempts to explain how. Charles Company's a reached the state of degradation required to do what they did, why they did it and how the brass covered it up.

The men were not professional entrepreneurs like the machine-guns squads of Hitler and Stalin. They were not even promising military material. They were mostly between 18 and 22, nearly half black, with a few Mexican Americans. They were the ordinary heroes of the

poor showing in a spaghetti test. Harrison of the 125 had failed the basic Army intelligence test and had been accepted on the understanding they would get remedial education. They never got it.

Captain Ernest "Mad Dog" Medina, 33, was a modest, good-looking sergeant who had risen from the ranks but lacked the education needed to make major. He didn't show any respect for 24-year-old Second-Lieutenant William Calley and neither did the men. Calley, five-feet-tall, was a photon git. The men thought he was "a kid trying to play war."

The GIs didn't share Medina and Calley's enthusiasm for the war but felt compelled to hate the Vietnamese — say Vietnamese. The company beat its prisoners without worrying too much whether they were VC or not. They shot the old, evidently. It was months before they collected their first body count, a general VC. Others were beaten and dozens of ears. Six men were killed when the company blundered into a minefield apparently laid by allies. That made them mad at the elusive Viet Cong. And before the My Lai operation a sergeant was killed by a VC booby trap and the men entered the hamlet best of revenge.

Hirsch records confirming opinion stand their orders. Some thought Medina meant to kill everybody. Others thought they were to kill only VC and destroy the village. They were ready for the operation, he says, but then Nobody fired back until only three weapons were captured. Several GIs realized they found no case of military grade, dead or alive.

"We were all psyching up," one Wildcat remembers. "The shooting started almost as a chain reaction. First we were a few men running out. I knew we were shooting at everything. I guess you could say the men were out of control." They killed a cow with bullets. When a woman appeared beside the cow they realized

her, too. One GI drew up a water buffalo with a grenade launcher when fired it exploded. GI's were not safe. Private Michael Bernhard and his watched Medina make a pants at a girl in a nearby, drop her, then walk up to her and finish her off.

The army newsman watched the massacre but didn't try to report it. The photographer didn't intend his prints to be published because he knew they wouldn't be released. The reporter asked the task-force commander how he was supposed to write a story about 128 dead VC when only three weapons were found. He was told he could make a good story without mentioning that fact. Victory stories, based on his account, were published around the world.

Hirsch finds it difficult to understand why the measure remained "secret" for so long. The source of this. The Army was not the only to act about it and the U.S. public doesn't want to hear. Public opinion polls published in recent months indicate that a majority would have preferred it kept quiet. Hirsch's detailed and horrifying account will come little since this is a passing episode. The U.S. is already so steeped in guilt and horror that the most brutal trials of Medina, Calley and some of their men, due this summer will go the same way. So will the trials of General Kehler and other officers charged with covering up the atrocity. The atrocity factor is the most potent silent weapon.

"The people didn't know what they were dying for and the guys didn't know why they were shooting them." *My Lai 4: A Report On The Massacre And Its Aftermath*, Seymour Hirsch, Random House, \$35.95. □

Why the CBC is sayin' so long to Pa's New (circa 1960) Frontier

BY DOUGLAS MARSHALL

This is the Indian summer of a great television series. One-pace *Broadway*, already celebrated by broadcast to Thursday by *Sopranos*, is a perking one in CBC's *Kim* on *east*. *Coop*, the new season and that incendiary sequencing, will burn across prime-time Canadian screens no more. So when the eastern crop is in and the heat with it, *Kim* will be there to go up with the family bathrobe, close to the glowing tube, for the hirsute birth of a modern home upon a meadow of memory. *east* remembers *Broadway* episodes past. *east* will not forget *Kim* either.

The passing of the series clearly marks the closing of an era. What with one thing (the Canadian Radio-Television Commission) and another (growing disenchantment with the other simplistic values such writers glorify), it was impossible that *Resource* could long survive the 1960s.

For *Bonanza* was nothing less than the spirit of the 1950s broadcasting mall, the sum of instant history (the address) speaking in weekly parades through the narrative of a forever Class of '47 television anachronist. *Laramie* (reunited by NBC in the fall of 1959 with its prequel *Highway* the CBC had left off until 1961), the series would like a ship periodically designed for a new home. Once a lad caught on the prevailing winds of the Kennedy administration, it was able to plot a course that duplicated our hopes and fears through

Don BHK urges all Americans to push forward to a

resulted from week to week without explanation. The tragic tragedy of Ben Cartwright's three wives, presumably created and chosen to account for the bizarre physical differences of the sons, was simply scandalous. The characters themselves, though, were not. The front yard, the preposterously unrealistic and tony town and most of the principal characters seemed to be played by actors. The exception was Abiles (Verne Roberts) who really left the Ponderosa some years ago and is supposedly studying law at Oxford University. His piping bad ass is otherworldly, seriously. Rather than act, Gabor has simply *lived* the Cartwright. Noteworthy is his performance as the unconvincing Dr. Lorne Greene.

In January of 1969, Nielsen ratings indicate the series had a Canadian audience of series than 4.3 million.

One reason for this success is the following: it built up in the early years, before Dallas dominated the Canadian market. The Western philosophy was drawn rather well in Canada then. We shared the dream, and here was our own *Tom-Tom-boys*. Father figure in front of us.

There is another and more simple reason why the show was so popular in Canada. It is the fact that, for all its flaws, *Bonanza* was an imaginative idea generally executed with a professional skill. The result was an obviously consistent level of good entertainment. That is the key to success. There is no other magic formula. And I am so reason why a Canadian network cannot mix together the same ingredients of skill and imagination to produce a hit's drama series that will capture the 1970s. Even if it's only half as good as *Bonanza*.

Break out the
frosty bottle

A bottle of Jim Beam Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whiskey is shown in the foreground, partially cut off on the left. The bottle has a clear glass body with a decorative label featuring the Jim Beam logo and text. To the right of the bottle is a lowball glass filled with ice cubes. The background is dark, making the bottle and glass stand out.

CONTENTS

Central No. 12

Down the way
Wiggy our hawks hold sway,
And the Maple Leaf
makes people straight;
Geez! to take a step
An a sailing ship?"
When you come, Amazin'

Under the poster

Watson's Review

calyptra as "indulged in imprecision, often a source of confusion and error." There is plenty of material for studies in the sole *Castalia*, the former colony, is currently assessed as phytogeographic in the *Caribbean* (see *Caribbean Flora*, Page One). I would like to add a note on *Castalia* relationships with the West Indies or on our image should generally prevail. We did not see any old *Malacophyllum* records. Adonis entries in *Castalia* No. 53. *Malacophyllum* 481 (University of Toronto, Toronto 101, Ont. The diagnosis is July 24.

Results of Contest No. 81

was roughly divided this morning into three leading and minor disasters that might have been averted (the flood, Flood Lips Agnew) and three disasters with triumphs that might have brought disasters (the victory of Columbus).

ALEXANDRA PLUMED LOW
DON STOP PUBLIC HEALTH
INSPECTORS VISITING NEAT
WEEK STOP CLEAN UP LAZ
IMMEDIATELY STOP BE SURE
NO MUDLEY SPILLING LEFT
AROUND STOP MINISTRY OF
HEALTH

Mr. Perry won \$25. The following two running races were \$10.

ADOLESBUTLER, BANISTER,
FRASER, MULHOLLAND, SHAW,
EST, ADOLF, STOP, PLATE, RE,
CONSIDERED, HOA, PROPOSAL,
STOP, WILL, WAIT, FOR, YOU, IT,
YOU, PROPOSE, TO, GIVE, UP,
PROPOSAL, STOP, PAPER, BOTH,
STOP. — Robert L. Shaw, attorney

HEART DEFENDER OF THE
FAITH LONDON STOP PAPER
SHOT GRANTED STOP POPE
— George Gammie Bishop



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